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THE BYSTANDER APRIL 27, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

Peter North

The Lady Mary Manningham-Buller

Lady Mary Manningham-Buller is one of the foremost members of one of the biggest ball-committees in town, the 130 people who have organised the England Ball at Grosvenor House next Monday. Her father, the Earl of Crawford, is president of the committee and her sisters, Lady Katharine Nicholson and Lady Barbara Lindsay, have acted joint-hostesses with her in the committee meetings at 7, Audley Square. On Saturday a last meeting of the committee will take place at 11, Downing Street, when Mrs. Chamberlain is giving a party for the Ball organisers. Proceeds of the England Ball go to the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. Lady Mary Manningham-Buller married Sir Mervyn Manningham-Buller's only son in 1930 and they live at 31, Draycott Place, S.W.1

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 68

Arthur Jarratt

ARTHUR JARRATT, the man who booked *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* for a pre-release at the New Gallery and subsequent showing at the three hundred and fifty Gaumont-British cinemas, started his earning career at five bob a week. To-day he has a very fat five-figure salary, and deserves it. He has the uncanny knack of telling exactly what pictures will prove a draw at the box-office, and which will flop. He says it is all very simple—just a matter of assessing story-value, direction and star-value. But it just so happens that nobody else can do it. So it makes it interesting to hear him say that this crazy-farce rage is already dying down, and that we will soon revert to melodrama and comedy; that the three biggest draws in this country are Will Hay, Ronald Colman and Sonja Henie; and that good English pictures take just as much money in Great Britain as the most successful Hollywood super-films.

Arthur Jarratt was born in Southwark, quite near the Cathedral, and went to a L.C.C. school in Bermondsey, where he was quite near the bottom of the form. But while he was still at school he earned a dollar a week by showing the spotlight at the old Star Music Hall in Bermondsey (now a cinema). Sometimes he even touched six shillings a week, when some music-hall act late on the bill asked him to stay on to "spot" him. For usually he went to bed at ten. He got his job simply enough—his father having the lighting contract at the Alhambra and elsewhere, including the old Aquarium.

WE next find him as a student at the Guildhall School of Music, learning to play the piano. His next job was as pianist at a theatre in Peckham, his hours being 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. For this he got a sovereign a week, but left for a cinema at Gillingham, where they paid him another ten bob a week. (And now for a digression. Sir Charles Higham used to visit Gillingham, and Arthur Jarratt kept on trying to get an introduction to him. Nobody would give it. A few weeks ago Arthur Jarratt gave him the job of spending a quarter of a million pounds every year on Gaumont-British theatres advertising.)

WHEN the war broke out, Arthur Jarratt joined the Navy and became a "writer," but was invalided out, after an air-raid on Chatham, with a hundred per cent. disability pension. He was so badly shell-shocked that when he came out of hospital he weighed only five stone four. After several months, however, he recuperated enough to return to London, and quickly became manager of a string of nine cinemas. This gave him his first experience of booking. After three years he joined Provincial Cinematograph Theatres as circuit-manager for five theatres. Within a few weeks he assumed the duty of booking films, and since then has seen four or five hundred every year for sixteen years. The extraordinary thing is that his eyes never get tired, and he sits down to each new film as fresh as a May morn, expecting to be entertained. But, wisely enough, he never reads scenarios, and takes care to learn nothing about film production. Otherwise, he says, he might feel sorry for the directors and book films against his better judgment.

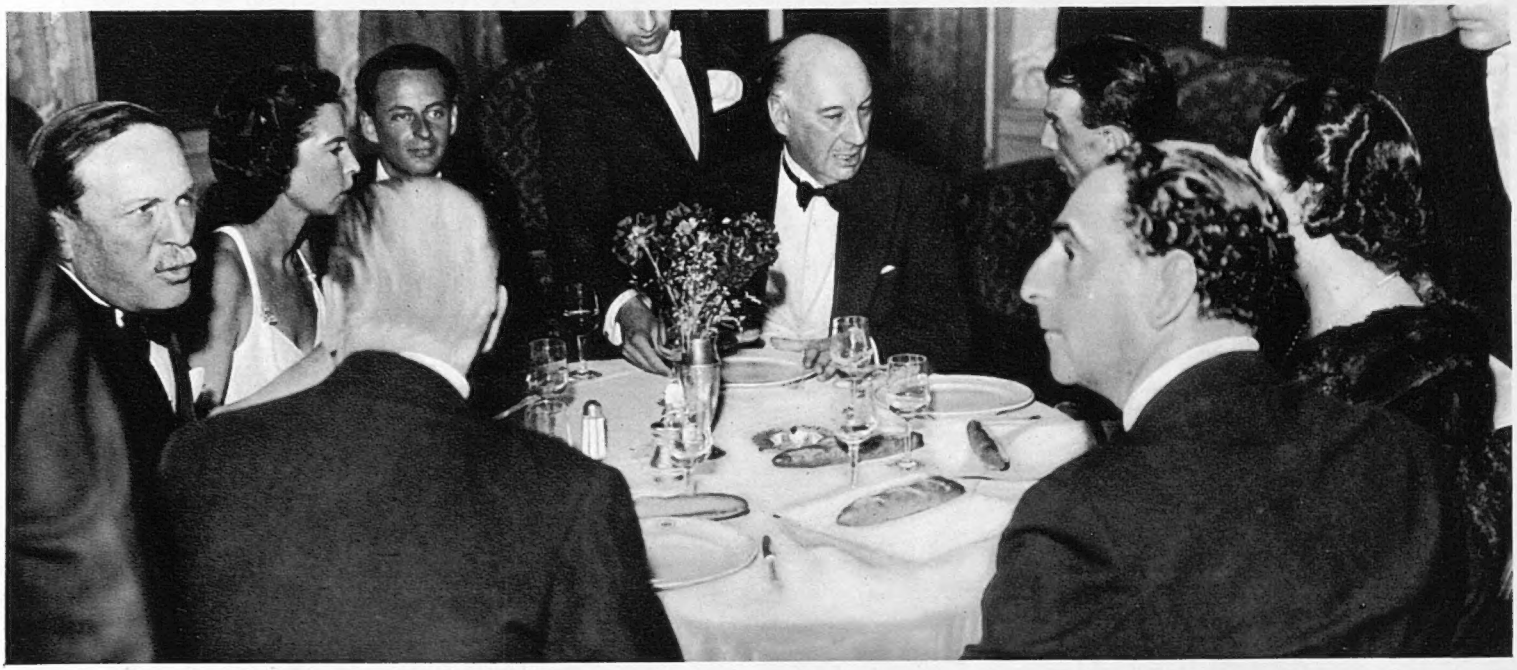
To-day he lives at Beckenham with his wife, who meets him every night of the working week at his Regent Street offices at 7 p.m., when they go out to dine in some restaurant or other. He is a Freeman of the City of London, and Past-Master of the Gold and Silver Wyre Drawers Company. But he plays no games—why, he's never kicked a football or held a cricket-bat in his hand in all his life! Nor is he interested in food or wine. His sole passion is music, with Liszt and Chopin as his favourite composers. His idea of a holiday is a cruise, just to escape the telephone. He likes prize-fights, biographies, the theatre and his floodlit garden at Beckenham. And work, I suppose. His regular day is 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. That's why he has his garden floodlit. Otherwise he'd never see it.

Charles Graves

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Marquess of Lothian—Expert on India

Some weeks ago Lord Lothian arrived back in England from his tour of India to study the workings of the new constitution which has put Congress ministries in office in seven provinces. His optimism about the working-out of the 1935 Act and his faith that "never has the chance of a real reconciliation with India been greater than it is to-day" have been expressed in two long articles in *The Times* and various speeches since his return. He was last in India in 1932 as chairman of the Franchise Committee, and before that he was Parliamentary Secretary to the India Office. All his life he has been interested in Empire affairs—up to the war mainly in South Africa, where he had a wide experience. He has been secretary of the Rhodes Trust for thirteen years. Of international politics, Philip Kerr, as he then was, had the closest possible view as secretary to Lloyd George from 1916 to 1921, a period that included the Peace Conference. To-day he is a strenuous supporter of Anglo-German friendship. He succeeded his cousin as eleventh Marquess in 1930, is the descendant of a fanatical Covenanter, owns about 28,000 acres, including Monteviot in Roxburghshire and Blickling Hall in Norfolk, sold recently his celebrated library, was fifty-six last week



The host's table *at the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, included René Blum (left), Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge (hostess), Lord Berners (centre), Leonide Massine, Mme. E. Polovtsoff, half-hidden by Mr. Sidney Beer*

A Riviera Party

Prince and Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge gave the season's smartest Riviera party at Monte Carlo. Dancers, socialites, and ballet-lovers gathered at the Hotel de Paris to celebrate the union of ballet powers under the name of United Art Incorporated. The company will be one of the strongest ever seen outside Russia and comes to Covent Garden on June 20th

Neighbours *at the party were the Grand Duke Dmitri and the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes. She is a daughter of the late Duc Decazes and married Lord De Ramsey's uncle as her second husband: they live at Neuilly-sur-Seine*

After supper *Christian Bérard, the French artist, posed with Mademoiselle Gabrielle Chanel (right)*

Ballet and Surrealism *were represented by these two neighbours at the Hotel de Paris, Alexandra Danilova and Salvador Dali. The party coincided with the announcement of the de Basil-Massine-Blum alliance*

This trio *is Mlle. Nina Tarakonova, Miss Alicia Markova, and Mr. Sainsbury. The two ballerinas are both in the newly-formed company which has announced a London season, and which was then rehearsing the new Massine ballet to the music of Beethoven's 7th symphony*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Anglo-Italian Pact is being closely scrutinised in the Foreign Offices of the world, especially in Berlin and in Tokyo. There is only one point about it which matters fundamentally, and that is whether or not it weakens the Berlin-Rome Axis. Details such as reduction of garrisons, non-fortification of islands, and recognition of spheres of influence in Arabia are as nothing in comparison. The whole thing hinges on an unknown quantity—unknown at least to the man in the street—and that is what Signor Mussolini really thinks about the Swastika on the Brenner. If he feels comfortable about it and if he really believes that Herr Hitler has no designs whatsoever upon Trieste, then the Anglo-Italian Pact means, in effect, nothing. But if the Roman dictator is genuinely and feverishly anxious to re-insure himself against Germany, then the pact may easily turn out to be of supreme importance to the peace of Europe.

PRAGUE has succeeded Vienna as the centre of European rumour, and half the stories which are circulating in London to-day on international affairs begin with the words, "I met a man yesterday who had just come from Prague." As a matter of fact, I did meet a man yesterday who had just come from Prague, and his forecast was the not particularly jolly one that Germany would march into Hungary as soon as the Hungarian harvest had been gathered. That is to say, in late August. I pass this information on for the reason that if in late August nothing happens, this paragraph will have been forgotten, and if there is the faintest semblance of trouble in or near Hungary, I shall crow like billy-ho.

A PARTY of British experts has sailed for the United States to examine the possibility of buying military aeroplanes from America. There are two difficulties in the way at present. One is that by a strict letter of United States law, only aeroplanes which have been in service for two years may be exported, and the other is that in the event of war in Europe the American Neutrality Act would automatically prevent the export of spare parts and replacements. Nothing has been definitely announced about the actual work which the mission is to do, but presumably its main object is to discover if these American laws can be evaded by a judicious use of Canadian territory.

IT is difficult to see how the Americans reconcile in theory their eagerness to sell bombing-aeroplanes to Britain and their refusal to sell helium, the non-inflammable gas for airships, to Germany. The common-sense answer is simple: that they like this country and dislike the Nazi régime intensely. But how this can be explained on paper is another matter. Probably the Americans will solve the difficulty in the most popular way all over the world of solving any difficulty—that is to say, by ignoring it.

Departure for America

Gerald Savory, the author of "George and Margaret" at Wyndham's, was seen off on the Queen Mary boat train by his actress mother, Grace Lane, for whom he has written a part in his new play, "Good and Proper." Mr. Savory, who is under contract to M.-G.-M., had Alexander Korda and Mary Pickford, United Artists re-organisers, as fellow passengers

THE fighting in Catalonia is becoming grimmer and grimmer, especially in the foot-hills of the Pyrenees, which is a country impossible for tanks, difficult for aeroplanes, and ideal for a man behind a rock with a rifle. The Catalan during the Napoleonic wars had as terrible a record as an independent guerilla fighter as even the Asturian, and there is no reason to suppose that he has changed his character. The next horror, presumably, will be the siege of Barcelona.

PRINCE KONOE, the Prime Minister of Japan, has found it necessary to issue a statement to the Japanese people about the war in China. The stagnation on the battle-fronts of the last four months, together with the rumours of Chinese victories, which are filtering past the censorship in Tokyo, have caused grave uneasiness. Prince Konoe stated that the Government's aim of destroying General Chiang Kai-shek's Government remains unchanged, but that "firing guns all day" is not the only method of attaining it. He might have added that firing guns all day is a pretty expensive amusement.

LAST week I mentioned the by-election at Aylesbury and the possibility of the Left Wing parties combining to try to capture the seat vacated by Mr. Michael Beaumont. Since then the Labour Party has come out with a characteristic piece of short-sightedness, and has announced in an official document that it prefers to pursue the ultimate goal of Socialism rather than combine with other people who would like to help the poor without necessarily nationalising the Bank of England. So I fancy the National Government has not much to worry about either at Aylesbury or for the next ten years at St. Stephens.

THE Grey Owl controversy is magnificent, but alas! how nearly it has missed being terrific. My friend, Mr. Lovat Dickson, the eminent publisher

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and His Magic Box

Yesterday brought the Treasury's annual fête, Budget Day, and last week the City, with expectations of American recovery and an innovation-free Finance Bill, was reasonably cheerful. Sir John Simon was photographed before the week-end with his Budget box, getting out his first set of accounts

is the champion of one team. He says that Grey Owl was born in Arizona, the second son of a man named MacNeill and an Apache woman. The other team is captained by a special correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, who says that Grey Owl was born near Hastings and his real name was Archie Belaney. Here are the makings of a pretty dust-up, but alas, alas! for what might have been! If only it could be proved that Grey Owl's real name was Archie Bolony.

I am sure that everything was done in accordance with tradition, etiquette, and the rules when the Duke of Gloucester gave the Colours of the Scots Guards into the custody of Worcester Cathedral. But surely it is an unfortunate place to choose as a repository of Scottish military relics. After all, the Scots came a pretty fair cropper at the Battle of Worcester in 1651. Hence, in fact, the Royal Oak and the foundation of the Penderel family fortunes.

M. Paul Maze, who has just been bounced about in a motor accident with Mr. Brendan Bracken, is one of those tiresome artists who occasionally throw down their brush and tube of Chinese white and pick up a pen and write an admirable book. Last year he published a book of autobiography in which he described his remarkable experiences in the early days of the war. But, speaking as a writer who objects to the fatal skill at writing which so many painters possess, I would like to put down on record that M. Maze's real claim to fame is his wonderful collection of tin soldiers.

The Free-Seats-for-All scheme at the Penge Empire is a very interesting experiment in advertising the drama. The idea was Mr. George Black's, the man who has made the Palladium what it is. Mr. Black had the Penge Empire, a capital play, *The Dominant Sex*, and a capital cast, but he lacked that almost indispensable element in the theatre—an audience. So he announced that for a whole week anyone could come to the theatre without paying. The immediate result was a terrific rush, just as if Penge was situated on the north-east coast of Scotland. It now remains to be seen whether the rush will continue when "business as usual" is resumed.

Mr. Percy Wyndham Lewis, the painter and author, who has been a rebel against accepted convention in art for many years, has made a dignified gesture of goodwill towards the Academy by submitting a large oil picture for this year's Exhibition. Burlington House has instantly risen to the occasion and has welcomed the gesture with one equally dignified and completely in keeping with the fine old traditions of Burlington House. It has rejected the picture.

Sir Henry Newbolt was not a great poet, but he was a man of infinite charm and intellectual integrity. He sprang into fame with his poem, "Drake's Drum," which was published in 1896, but he is more likely to be remembered as the author of the line, "Play up, play up, and play the game."

The "Bystander" Flying Number

Next week's issue (May 4th) will be the Eleventh Annual "Bystander" Flying Number. This will include special articles by Earl Winterton and Mr. F. Handley Page, as well as our Flying Correspondent's review of the year in the air

The arrival of the Australian cricketers was perfectly timed to distract the attention of the man in the street from Budget Day. There has been a capital absence of ballyhoo about their voyage this time, and the result is that everybody welcomes cordially and sincerely the gay smile and modest words of the master batsman of the age.

Sandy Herd's feat of holing the West Course at Moor Park in sixty-seven, four days before his seventieth birthday, is, so far as I know, a record in the whole history of golf. Mr. Fairlie, one of the most famous of all amateur putters, and father of Gerard Fairlie, the novelist, once holed Nairn in seventy-two when he was seventy-two, and James Braid did a sixty-seven at Walton Heath on his sixty-seventh birthday. But Herd was as good as three strokes below his age, and was playing in a tournament.

The Soccer season is almost over, but neither the League Championship nor the relegation of the two bottom teams has yet been decided. Preston North End, a magic name in old-world Soccer history, has a very fine chance of accomplishing what has only once been done before, winning the Cup and the League in the same year. The only time this has even been done was also by Preston North End, in the 'eighties, when they were called "the Invincibles."

In this week's frontispiece caption, the day of the England Ball is incorrectly given as Monday next. This should be Wednesday next (May 4th). Mrs. Chamberlain's party for the committee is on Monday.

Departure for Berkhamsted

Dr. Leslie Burgin was speeding along the Grand Union Canal while his predecessor at the Ministry of Transport (right) was paying a visit to the Maltese fortifications. Dr. Burgin is here at a tiller which looks as if it were made from a bent beacon; but the barge is tied up too firmly for him to do much good or harm in the way of navigation. His large family went with him

Departure for Malta

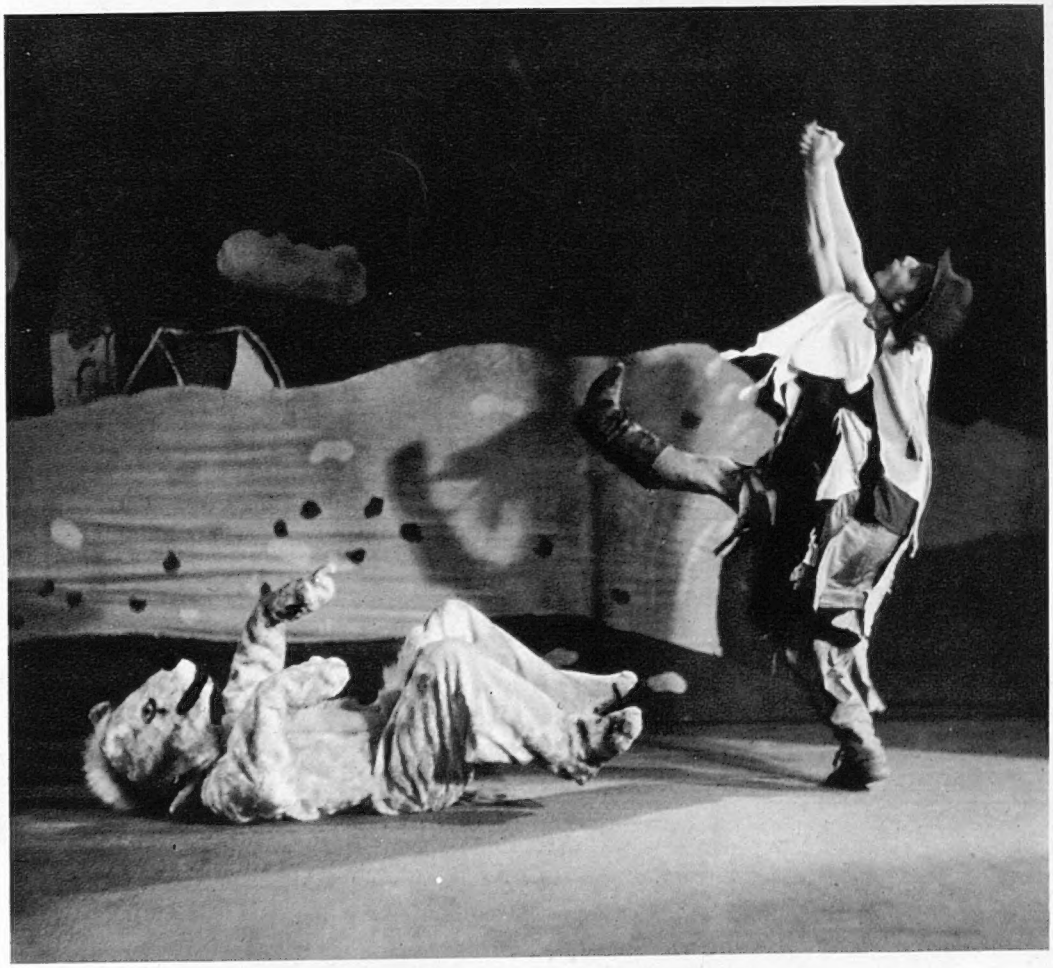
The Minister for War and his military assistant took an Easter trip to Malta from Hendon, to inspect the establishments of war in that base, and Mr. Hore-Belisha was due to pay a friendly call on Signor Mussolini during his stay in the Mediterranean. His assistant is the first soldier to hold this post since Lord Haldane was at the War Office: he is Major J. C. Haydon, Irish Guards

T. S. Eliot by Percy Wyndham Lewis: Rejected

The distribution of the Royal Academy buff tickets last week revealed to an astonished art world that Percy Wyndham Lewis' portrait of T. S. Eliot had failed to make a place on the Burlington House line (private view to-day). Although the painting is in Mr. Lewis' milder "advanced" style, its draughtsmanship has been judged by critics to be of entirely academic standard. Mr. Lewis, who is no relation to D. B. Wyndham Lewis, our contributor, held a successful and controversial exhibition at the Leicester Galleries recently; three months ago the Tate purchased his "Red Scene." The rejection of his portrait of T. S. Eliot is the subject of a comment by A. G. Macdonell on p. 124 this week

Atty Van Den Berg plays the part of the Monstrous Insect

The Bear-Trainer has some difficulty with his New Bear:



The Bear-Trainer also has trouble with his Sick Old Bear: Eva Lekstroem and Hans Zuellig

"The Seven Heroes"

Ballets Jooss Perform a Grimm Fairy Tale

The Seven Heroes is one of nine ballets in the programme of the Ballets Jooss, of which four will be performed each evening in their Old Vic season starting on May 23rd. This German company now has its headquarters at Dartington Hall, whither it returned in February from a five-months' tour of north and south America; at the moment it is performing in the provinces. It is comparatively new to the ballet world, having given its first London performance in 1933, when *La Table Verte* made an immediate sensation. This drama of the "men in black" who send millions to their doom in a disastrous war is more topical than ever and is included in the 1938 programme. Herr Kurt Jooss, the founder and artistic director, owes directly very little in his choregraphy to the Russian ballet; his original technique, which draws a certain number of frowns from more complacent classical balletomanes, is founded on the Central European system of von Laban. The Ballets Jooss will be the subject of Arnold Haskell's next monthly article in the "Bystander"

Eva Lekstroem and Hans Zuellig

Ulla Soederbaum as the Innkeeper's Daughter

Lola Botka as the Innkeeper's Wife

Photographs by Anthony

Below: *The Innkeeper and his Irate Wife: Ernst Uthoff and Lola Botka*

The Innkeeper's Daughter and her Sweetheart: Ulla Soederbaum and Heinz Schwarze

Five Weddings of the Week

The wedding on the left, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, was between Sir Archibald Philip Hope, Bt., eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir John Augustus Hope and the Hon. Lady Hope, and Ruth Davis, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Davis, of Fryern, Storrington, Sussex

Kensington Register Office was chosen by Donald Carmichael Haldeman and Audrey Gretchen Coats for their Easter wedding. He served in the 19th Hussars in the war, and was formerly married to Earl de la Warr's elder sister as her fourth husband; his bride is the widow of Major Jack Coats

Sir Archibald Hope and Miss Ruth Davis

Capt. Haldeman and Mrs. Audrey Coats

Mr. W. A. C. Anderson and Miss Scobell

W. A. C. Anderson, 17th/21st Lancers, elder son of the late Lieut.-Col. W. H. Anderson, V.C., and Mrs. Anderson, of 23, Abingdon Court, Kensington, married Edith Ismay Scobell at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is Major-General and Mrs. S. J. P. Scobell's elder daughter

Mr. Vereker and Miss Yvonne Barnett

The Hon. Charles Vereker, only son of Viscount Gort and Corinna Viscountess Gort, married Yvonne Frances Barnett at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last Thursday. She is the daughter of Major Geoffrey and Lady Aline Barnett, of Sopwell, St. Albans, and a niece of Lord Verulam

Capt. Glover, R.N., and Miss Lyle

Philip Foster Glover and Nancy Lyle were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. He is the son of the late John Glover and Mrs. Howard Kingscote, of Hewshott Grange, Liphook, Hants.; she is the elder daughter of Sir Leonard and Lady Lyle

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Power and Glory" (Savoy)

HERE is another pre-war play, which, like *Idiot's Delight*, is on "the right side," but which, unlike *Idiot's Delight*, fails to impress. Its author, Karel Capek, wrote, you will recall, that excellent and passionate satire, *The Insect Play*—a fantastic theme brilliantly developed. But this time he has bitten off more than he or we can chew. Imagination is stretched to snapping-point.

To begin with, we must imagine that there is a White Plague ravaging Europe to such an extent that, if it is not checked, nobody over forty will be left alive. This is a dangerous jumping-off ground for a play which is supposed to bring us to grips with a vital existing situation. To go on with, all the specialists have tried to check the White Plague in vain, but there is just one man, a shabby, shuffling old fellow, who knows a cure but who will not part with his secret because he is a pacifist, and if the world won't stop fighting, then, in his opinion, the world is not worth saving. He decides to use his cure as bargaining power. And so we get a conflict between doctor and dictator, each refusing to give way until the dictator himself is stricken and promises to reform.

But when the doctor is on his way through the streets to cure him, the crowd, unaware of his mission, seizes him and tears him to death. To cap an evening in which scepticism and disbelief dominate the auditorium, this crowd is, unhappily, just about the most unconvincing crowd ever rehearsed for more than one afternoon.

IT is not only in the development of his difficult theme that Mr. Capek fails. His craftsmanship is badly at fault. The succession of short scenes, entailing change after change of scenery, inevitably becomes a succession of damp fires that won't light. And if the piece was written, as one suspects, with the intention that one and the same actor should double the parts of the dictator and the doctor, then craftsmanship committed yet another error, for with Oscar Homolka in both characters, it is clear from the start that the representatives of the opposing forces will never meet and that the big scene one might reasonably demand can, therefore, never take place.

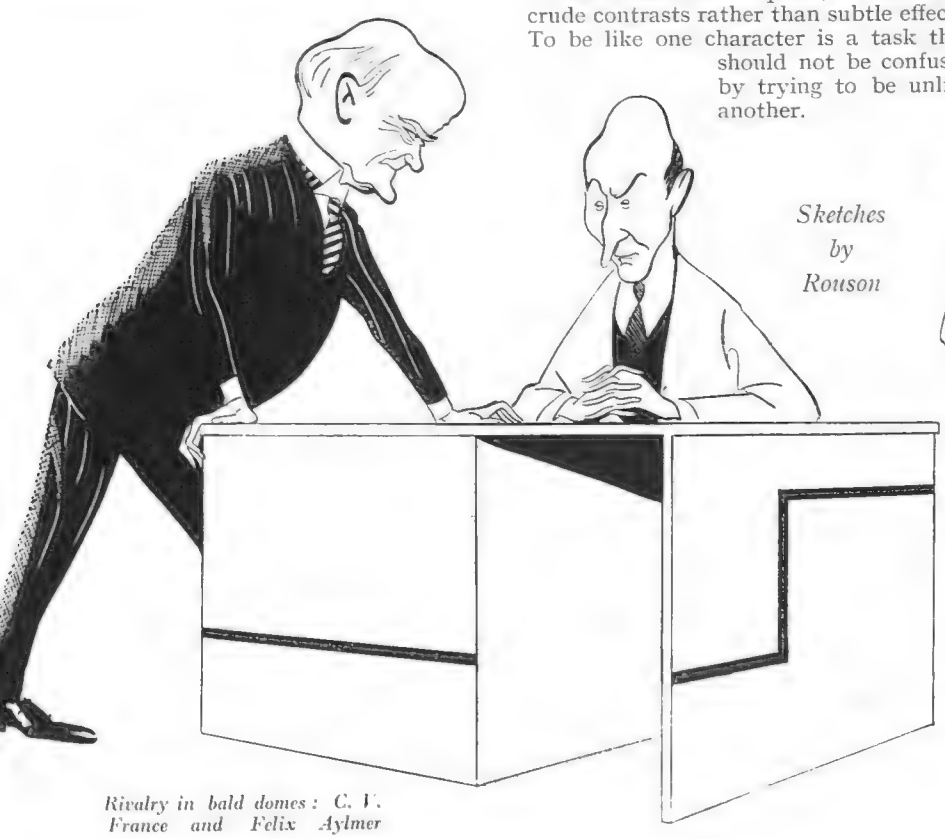
Box and Cox may be capital farce, but it is irritating drama.

TRUE, Mr. Homolka is an exciting actor whose activities we would not willingly limit. But the necessity of contrasting his two characters as much as possible makes him this time a little less exciting than heretofore. As the dictator, screwing himself up to concert-pitch for his great speech to the mob just after he has discovered symptoms of the disease, he has magnificent moments. But as the doctor, he is so oddly broken-backed and undrilled that he seems almost ashamed of showing us his face, lest we should recognise that it is the same face we saw in the preceding scene.

When stars double parts, it makes for crude contrasts rather than subtle effects. To be like one character is a task that should not be confused by trying to be unlike another.

The two Homolkas: doctor and dictator

Sketches by Rouson



Rivalry in bald domes: C. V. France and Felix Aylmer

Advent of the plague: Beatrice Varley and Julian Mitchell

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A NEAT missive came our way through the post last week saying that for about £12 10s. one of the big West End stores will now have a room in your house or flat gas-proofed for you by experts, accommodating five persons for twelve hours. They say the way their experts will do it goes a good way beyond the minimum requirements published by the Home Office A.R.P. Department, but it 'll be no good being bombed before the end of this month, the number of experts as yet being limited. Once the room is ready, however, you can use it for sleeping, water-polo, philately, breeding elephants, or whatever you normally use it for, the actual equipment being replaceable well within the seven-minute warning period. Meanwhile, the special bureau in Mayfair coping with smart hostesses who want A. G. Macdonell for their air-warden ("Yoo-hoo! Take cover! Yoo-hoo!") is working overtime. The genial, popular old beau sabreur is used to being booked ten-deep for fashionable routs and dinner-parties, but now he 's gone in for A.R.P. the rush is amazing even him. "I expect I shall have to get around on my bicycle," said Macdonell last week, laughingly, ' but as I was for some time an amateur postman round Mayfair this will be no hardship."

Macdonell's amateur postal work was also altruistic, a labour of love. Revolted because beautiful girls in society get lots of letters but plain or spotty girls very few, he would dash to his desk and write for hours on thick, crested, cream-laid paper in various hands, saying, "*There is a dark passionate gentleman who loves you,*" and so forth. Then, jumping on his trusty iron steed, the gay, handsome, velvet-masked figure in its smart blue and silver uniform (specially designed for him by Savile Row) was soon rat-tatting its way through street and square, bringing sunshine and cheer and hope to many hearts which would otherwise have withered, or have had to beat for Australians.

There 's an A.R.P. song in Mayfair which goes: "If you 've never been warned by Macdonell, you 've never been warned at all," and this in itself shows the popularity of the man, we think.

"Look at your hair, Mr. Smith. No wonder the boys call you Polly"

Good-bye to All That

SINCE the Speaker's stern rebuke after that slapping incident in the House, M.P.s have become rather nervous. Last time but one we dined there pinches and jabs and smacks, playful or "meant," seemed to be more or less common currency. Since all those Glamour Girls invaded the Commons there has been a certain amount of jealousy and ill-feeling among the more susceptible members, as was only to be expected, and a sudden yelp of "Ow" or "Oh, you spiteful!" followed by a ringing slap, often rang from some secluded Gothic nook as some vengeful member nipped or flipped in passing the fair colleague who had scorned or bewrayed him. Now that the Speaker has pointed out that slapping lowers the high reputation of the House abroad, tempers have to be controlled and Love's smarts assuaged in some less direct manner. We dined there again last week, and you could see the boys were holding themselves in, almost afraid to make a face at some heartless beauty as she swept by with her throng of admirers. Or at least, the one we asked about it said he wasn't making any face.

"Go away, I tell you, they 're not real"

We never thought mixing the sexes in the House would be a good thing, even if the Glamour Girls had made a big hit politically as well. Peel or Gladstone would never have been able to make all those sonorous rolling orations, spiced with Greek and Latin, in their presence, and the poor quality of speeches nowadays is probably traceable to it. Gaffer A. P. Herbert's revue experience renders him immune, perhaps—face up to a Cochran chorus and you can face up to practically anything — but not every private member has the Gaffer's steely nerve, toughened by years of aquatic adventure and Thames mud. Even the few deep-sea sailors in the House rarely do themselves justice. Back to purdah for the moon-eyed ones, say a lot of desperate M.P.s, and let 's get our pulses normal.

Old Iron

OUR age-long national passion for putting iron railings round things has led to an architect's suggestion in *The Times* that it wouldn't be a bad idea to uproot all this ironmongery now and melt it down for munitions, as the Germans are doing. He thinks the public wouldn't straightway rush on parks and lawns and gardens so exposed and demolish them, because even in the Balkans, where, as in America and on the Continent, they don't trouble to rail everything green round as we do, people don't do it. In our estimation it would take some little time to educate our

rail-conscious citizenry up to this, just as it took the Mappin Terrace monkeys some little time before they got used to doing without a cage. But when you think of the tons of metal London alone would yield, it would be worth it.

One never thinks of these things till somebody mentions it, but does it strike you what a rough gesture all those miles and miles of London railings imply? The public ones growl: "You are such yahoos, so little civilised, so lacking in all the graces, that we have to stand here to protect your own property from you! Bah!" The private ones sneer: "Stand back, churls, manants, rascals, scum, lest you defile this sacred turf!" And so, thinking of this last kind, we get back inevitably to the enclosures of four centuries ago or more, when the rich began stealing common and peasants' land and railing it in, a very attractive idea—though even then there were reactionary curmudgeons who said it was an ignoble feat and that England would suffer for it. However, they were proved wrong, for you can see from the *Daily Express* any day how happy and prosperous we are at this moment, half-stunned by the crashing over us of wave after wave of joy.

Drought

PLENTY of flowers in the hall, plenty of Tintoretto and Titian and Veronese in the newly-hung Venetian Room, and not the ghost of a soupçon of a sniff of a teeny-weeny drink anywhere—that was the so-called party the official art boys threw at the National Gallery to celebrate its centenary the other night. And if you know of a better place in London than the National to down a couple of Old-Fashioneds or a glass of giggle-water in, surrounded by a riot of priceless Old Masters, as if you were in some Pittsburgh millionaire's cocktail-bar, you might mention it. The guests, many of whom were eminent, took it very well, and there were no shouts or swoonings; but it seemed to us a very peculiar kind of old English hospitality, and in its way a wee bit snobbish. If you remember the Guermantes' soirée in Proust, you 'll remember that the élite of the Faubourg-St. Germain made a point of never giving its after-dinner guests anything but orangeade: a thing haughty patricians can afford to do, but which the bourgeoisie shouldn't attempt. However, it 's over and done with now, and we don't want any ill-feeling, and, after all, the Gallery boys have a hundred years to think up some nicer surprise for their next. But they should bear in mind what Dr. Johnson said of the extreme social importance of refreshments, remembering also that when the Royal Academy boys throw *their* annual party they throw it (as Pater said feelingly) good. There are, indeed, times when to butt or snouzle a way through to the eats and drinks at an Academy conversazione is in itself a work of art, but it 's worth it, Sir Joshua Reynolds having laid down in his *Further Discourses* (1775) that "*in throwing a good Academick Party, economick Fears must not prevail against true British Hospitality, nor any Expence be deemed too great, when it is considered that after a couple of Whacks at the old Specifick, the surliest Patron may Loosen Up and become prolifick of Compliments, and ready with the Dough.*"

G.O.M.

ONCE again, apropos a recent discussion on Mr. Gladstone's voice, somebody has raised the question, doubly urgent in these uneasy times, "*Where is England's Grand Old Man to-day?*" After inquiries in various quarters, we find a G.O.M. isn't easy to come by nowadays. He must be of cleanly and venerable appearance, preferably with a long snowy beard, of great age, and highly respectable, and he must be able to give out to the Press from time to time a solemn booming kind of gnomic utterance in a rich slow voice. After Gladstone's death several impostors sprang up, mostly Liberals, some with false beards. One gnarled and lined old candidate who looked at least 156 turned out to be a West End actor made up for the part of a man of sixty. Another was a roguish hockey girl who had played King Lear at school, and yet another, whose Methusalesque photograph looked ideal, had seven years out of a sentence of fifteen still to serve. Several Turks aged 120-135 also tried to muscle in. So the Government dropped the scheme in desperation, ignoring a flood of postcards and letters from Mr. Shaw suggesting Mr. Shaw, and in Whitehall to-day the only candidate they can think of is Mr. Godfrey Winn, whom they propose to "nurse" for the vacancy till he is ninety. They think when Mr. Winn is able to drape those yearning features in a genuine long white beard he 'll capture the thinking part of the nation as well. There 's a scheme for mingling forget-me-nots with his beard to intensify the appeal.

Les Mischief Boys

HAVING nothing better to do at the moment, the L.C.C. have been tinkering with a few street-names, proposing recently to rename Green Street, Leicester Square, "Irving Street," and Duke Street and John Street, in the ruined Adelphi, "John Adam Street." Both suggestions were opposed by the Westminster City Council, and rightly, in our estimation. Nothing is more odious than the abolishing of historic and often beautiful street-names (the French are very good at it) by chaps with no sense of the past, and even though London is rapidly becoming an ignoble mess we may as well keep a few reminders of what it once was. When you see Paternoster Row and Ave Maria Lane, remember that the City was once a noble spectacle, a forest of surging, gleaming Gothic spires dominated by the gracefullest, tallest Gothic spire in Europe. When you see Orange Street, Leicester Square, reflect that orange was the colour of the Royal Mews which stood on the site of Trafalgar Square, with its comic statues and tinpot fountains and its little Gallery dwarfed by that enormous Nelson pillar with its four ridiculous lions. When you see John Street, Adelphi, think of the noble Georgian Terrace which has just gone. Think, in fact (as the Red, or White Queen, said to Alice) of anything, but *don't cry*, for nothing will on earth stop the merry yahoos on their onward march. So shoulder the sky, my lad, as the Shropshire poet said to the suffragan bishop, and drink your ale.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"We have that on our mantelpiece"

Films of the Day

Unpleasant and Unconvincing

By George Campbell

"HALF angel, half siren, all woman" is the press-agent's summing-up of the heroine of Bette Davis's new picture, *Jezebel*. If he had said half woman, half spoiled brat in need of a good old-fashioned spanking or (if you will insist on being up-to-date) a course at a finishing school for "difficult" young people, I might have agreed with him. A sillier, vainer, more spiteful and generally tiresome creature never strutted the screen in the guise of heroine.

On one occasion, the hero, acting on information received, as the policemen say, does take a cane along to an interview with her; but unfortunately he omits to use it. If you point out that such primitive methods wouldn't have done her the slightest good, my reply is that I should worry about *her*. It would have done a lot of good to *me*. Furthermore—but if I go on like this about Julie, the pride of the old plantations, you 'll begin to suspect I didn't like her.

"JEZEBEL" was made by William Wyler; the play was written by Owen Davis, Sen. Mr. Wyler, judging by *Dead End*, *Dodsworth*, and *These Three*, cannot do a bad job. Mr. Davis, from what little I know of his work, cannot do a good one. By toning down dialogue and soft-pedalling as many as possible of Mr. Davis's "big" scenes, Mr. Wyler has succeeded in injecting real life and vitality into one of those "strong" plays that now look uncommonly weak.

As in all Mr. Wyler's films, the background and atmosphere are suggested with extraordinary skill. The time is 1852, the place New Orleans, stronghold of the old Southern aristocracy, devoted even more whole-heartedly than their English counterparts to hunting, shooting, dancing and drinking. With quite a bit of duelling on the side. The Southern gentlemen in *Jezebel* are as touchy on points of honour, and as quick to take offence as Cyrano himself; and Buck Cantrell (George Brent) is just as nonchalant. At one of his meetings a Frenchman, who has dared to mention a lady's name in a bar, is considerably disconcerted with a bullet in his hip. At another his long list of successes comes to an abrupt end: the law of averages catches up with him: a beginner shoots him dead, which is a humiliating thing to happen to any Southern duellist, and I don't doubt his family felt pretty badly about it.

IT was just about this time that New Orleans—a picturesque cesspool, if the historians are to be believed—was afflicted with its second great visitation of yellow fever. The firing of cannon, the burning of flares, and other well-known prophylactics of the period didn't seem to do much good, though nobody could say for certain how much higher the mortality might have been without them. With the hero (Henry Fonda) married to another woman (Margaret Lindsay) and the Jezebel of the piece badly in need of a chance for a redeeming gesture, the plague comes in very handy. To reveal the solution would be grossly unfair to Mr. Owen Davis, Sen., in addition to which any juggins who can't guess for himself doesn't deserve to know.

The acting is pretty good, and needs to be. I am not sure that I understand what all the last two or three years' furore over Bette Davis is about: she strikes me as a competent dramatic actress with sharp limitations. Still, as even competence in the female young is rare, I suppose we should be grateful.

Another star, who has even less effect on this department's blood pressure, is tall, thin, saturnine Henry Fonda. I could see him in sinister parts. "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look": yes, his flat, toneless voice apart, he might make an excellent Cassius. But as a hero he lacks the most vital of all gifts—the gift of arousing sympathy. One performance that struck me as first-rate was Fay Bainter's, as Julie's Aunt Belle; and for charm and lazy gallantry, George Brent's duellist could hardly be beaten by any actor living.

WHAT need I say about *Sailing Along* except that it gives Jessie Matthews a chance to sing with point, dance with grace, and put over comedy with her usual pert assurance?; Roland Young, with his genius for polished comedy, gives strong support; Alastair Sim is funny as a crazy painter; Noel Madison, as an American press agent, gets off a good line or two; Jack Whiting dances well and acts (as yet) less well; and Barry Mackay is the bargee financier for whom the heroine gives up the stage after a first-night triumph. Whether the sacrifice is worth while, I am of the wrong age and sex to determine.

CAST your mind back to the early Mack Sennett era, and you will recall the comic waiter adding up the bill: "Steak, 50 cents; pie, 25 cents; and let 's see"—here a quick inspection of the customer's tie—"25 for soup. One dollar, please." Believe it or not, the gag is resurrected in Joe E. Brown's *Wide Open Faces*, together with other matter of startling unoriginality. The central situation—gangsters from all over the country turn up at an empty hotel on a treasure hunt—gave the script writer plenty of chance for thrills and comedy. He scores a clean miss with both barrels.

Bette Davis and Henry Fonda in "Jezebel"

We have had earthquake in "San Francisco," fire in "Old Chicago," now we are given yellow fever in New Orleans. We are also given Bette Davis in an unpleasant part, which she makes convincing up to the moment where the Jezebel she shows becomes Ruth and Naomi, following Henry Fonda to a fever concentration camp. We are also given some good period atmosphere (the proud old South) and an unsatisfactory ending. "Jezebel" went to the Carlton for Easter

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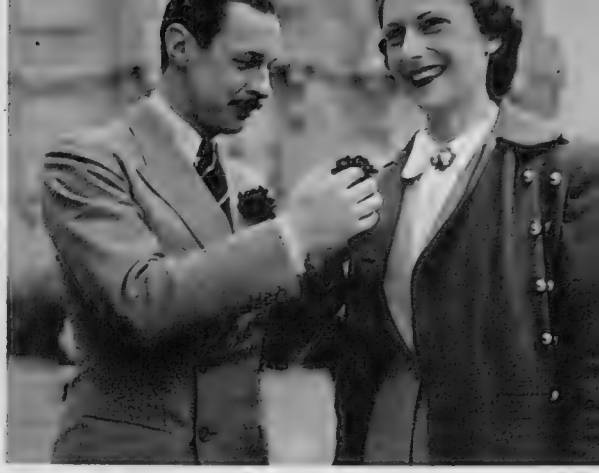
Outside the Hermitage

The trio is Mrs. Bobby Levita, M. Marc Sevastopoulo, Madame de la Gordtdiclie. Mrs. Levita's husband, who is Sir Cecil Levita's nephew, was playing golf at the time

Mrs. Rubin, Mrs. Mills

Mrs. Bernard Rubin and Mrs. Beryl Mills were taking a breath of the gale at the Golf Club after a late night at the Casino. Mrs. Rubin is the widow of the racing motorist



Mr. and Mrs. Jock Hanbury

The Jock Hanburys, here fixing each other's buttonholes, are Le Touquet regulars, especially since the airport was opened. His cousin, Lord Willoughby de Broke, is also a great friend of Le Touquet; her sister, Eleanor Watts, is marrying Sir Simon Campbell-Orde

Debutante and Family

Miss Silvia Muir was with her father, Mr. R. H. Muir, and her brother Robin. She is having a dance on May 18th at 2, Albert Gate, given by her two chaperons, her mother and Lady Elizabeth Coke

A Car-Load

Lord Banbury is driving the "Red Bug." His passengers are Major and Mrs. E. H. Tattersall and Mr. Walter Dunkels. Major Tattersall's "Europe At Play," with a Foreword by Sir Hugh Walpole, is due from Hutchinson's

Honeymooners

Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Wallis didn't seem worried by the cold. She was Mlle. Maeva Lejeune, and they will divide their time between his shooting lodge in Argyllshire and his Berkshire home

Mrs. Walker, Mr. Quilter and Mrs. Quilter

The fur coats are: Mrs. Gerald Walker's, in ocelot, and her cousin Mrs. Ronnie Quilter's, in baby seal. Ronnie Quilter, a nephew of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, kept warm between the two as he carried his shoes to the Golf Club

"I Accuse"

An Indictment of War Sponsored by Soldiers

Victor Francen, who plays a light-hearted monarch in the Academy film, "Le Roi," is the tragic central figure of "I Accuse"

I Accuse, which goes to the Curzon to-morrow, is a film which may appear out of place in these days of hilarious recruitment for the next war. Directed by Abel Gance, sponsored by the Associations d'Anciens Combattants (to which the British Legion is allied), it is a last attempt by the front-line fighters of 1914-1918 to tell the world what it already knows but pretends not to—that war is something to be avoided at any price. It is not a genteel film. The blackened figure on the right, for instance, is just the opposite of so many elegant heroes of American war films, carefully wounded on the forehead and smeared here and there with mud compost. The scars of the actors in *I Accuse* were not made in any studio, they were gained in glorious battle. "Making our flesh creep" and "unnecessary pessimism" will doubtless be the verdicts of some of our thinkers; nevertheless the message of this film is backed by four million ex-Servicemen. The international committee for the encouragement of merit in films, representing 52 countries, has awarded *I Accuse* its gold medal, the first time this honour has been conferred on a picture as a whole

***The women** in the film are few: these two are Line Noro and Marie Lou*

***Angels of God** play harps on the walls above the wounded soldiers in a field hospital*

***Soldiers of the fatherland** have lost their ideals but not their morale: a roll-call on the eve of peace*

***Of unsound mind,** his last ideals shattered by rumours of new wars, the soldier of 1914 dreams he is burnt by his fellows, tied to a memorial "à nos morts glorieux"*

Young Women Who Work (No. 2)

Miss Blane : Ski Dress Designer

Helen Blane is the youngest winter-sports stylist, originally chosen because of her ski-ing prowess (she was a member of the 1936 Olympic team and the 1938 FIS team), but now established by virtue of her own taste and ingenuity. She designed novel wind-cheaters for the '38 season and is working on ideas for '39. Her father, Commander Sir Charles Blane, was killed at Jutland

Lady Elizabeth Townshend : Actress

Lady Elizabeth Townshend is working at a dramatic school, as she fervently hopes to become a good actress. Her screen ambitions were laid aside as it was found she did not photograph well, in spite of her lovely auburn hair and unusual slanted eyes. Her mother wrote a screen scenario some years ago, and her brother, Lord Townshend, is also fascinated by stage and screen

Miss Phillpotts : Actress

Ambrosine Phillpotts, daughter of the Admiral and niece of Eden "Farmer's Wife" Phillpotts, is an extremely pretty girl who has had several years in repertory and is now the bright juvenile star of the Hull Company. She adores acting, and as she has stuck to it, receiving remarkably good notices in nearly every part, the West End should see her before long

Miss Constable-Maxwell

Ursula Constable-Maxwell is a sculptress whose recent sitters include her cousin's wife, the Duchess of Norfolk, and another kinswoman, Jeanne Stourton. A pupil of Frank Dobson for several years in London, she has now set up studio at her parents' Inverness-shire home, in a disused aviary. She is the daughter of the Hon. Bernard Constable-Maxwell, who married, as his second wife, an aunt of the present Lord Lovat

Lady Patricia Ward

Lady Patricia Ward, the younger sister of Lord Dudley, has no frills or tiresome affectations. Her talent for good mixing makes her very popular on the paper where she has worked since her recovery from a serious illness last year. Her flat, next to her twin brother's, is done up with great originality

Miss Drummond-Hay

Mairi Drummond-Hay is a V.A.D. who has held several useful jobs, including one in Canada. She is a live wire in the nursing world in Scotland and attends the annual Perth Hunt Steeplechases in uniform —ready for casualties in the crowds or at the fences. Sister of the Laird of Seggieden

Miss Forbes-Sempill

The Hon. Elizabeth ("Betty") Forbes-Sempill manages her brother, Lord Sempill's Aberdeenshire estates, Fintray and Craigievar. She also runs a troupe of Scottish dancers recruited from Donside, therefore called "Dancers of Don." They are likely to appear at the Glasgow Exhibition

Anthony

Lady Rose Paget—Ballet Dancer

Rose Bayly's name now appears quite frequently in the corps de ballet on the programmes at Sadler's Wells. She became a regular member of the company at the beginning of this season; before that she was working in the Vic-Wells ballet school. Like her sister, Caroline (whose example she followed in choosing her stage surname), Lady Rose Paget has taken her career perfectly seriously from the start: no one who was not prepared to work extremely hard would choose to be a ballet dancer. Here she was photographed as one of the six Princesses who in the third Act of *Le Lac des Cygnes* dance for the approval of the Prince. Her latest part is as one of the Peasants in Ninette de Valois' new work, *Le Roi Nu*. The next big ballet event at Sadler's Wells is the Gala on May 10th at which the Queen has promised to be present; it is being given in aid of the Lilian Baylis Memorial Fund and the Vic-Wells Ballet Fund

"The Comedy of Errors"

Four Players in Komisarjevsky's Frolic at Stratford-on-Avon

Since Komisarjevsky has worked at Stratford his productions have been the Festival's big news, but also storm centres of criticism. This year he has all the critics on his side with his production of *The Comedy of Errors*. Bowler hats and ballets, the sparkling artificiality and fantastication of his direction, and the astonishing gay lunacy of his dresses and decor — these are the clearest memories of the critics' impressions of the evening. *The Comedy of Errors* is the second of the eight plays chosen for this year's Festival which is now in its third week

The Two Dromios

Bowler hats are just as fashionable in Ephesus (Andrew Leigh) as in Syracuse (Dennis Roberts)

Photographs by Anthony

Antipholus and Adriana

James Dale plays Antipholus of Syracuse and Valerie Tudor is Adriana

"Bystander" Short Story No. 136

The Party

By Ruth Cokayne

Illustration by Lowen

IN the confined space of her bijou flatlet Pauline Praed pivoted distractedly, adding final touches to the hurried preparations for her cocktail-party, where a dozen people were shortly to flatten themselves against the thin walls of the large bed-sit.

Foie gras sandwiches, cut into little rounds. Salted almonds. Potato crisps. Purple tulips in a long glass vase. Cigarette-box, Turks and Virginians. Stuffed olives. Cheese straws. Prawns on little sticks. Michael's favourite anchovies curled up on tiny pieces of toast. Peanuts. Then on the drinks table, brandy, champagne, angustura, lumps of sugar, lemon-rind and glasses.

Ten minutes to six. Sylvia had promised to come round early and help. Give her a minute to get tidy before people started arriving. Food looked nice. Heaps of ash-trays. A bit of sheet peeping out under the divan cover—tuck it in. At last! The door-bell.

"Sylvia! My dear, thank heavens you 've come!"

"Sorry I 'm so late. Now tell me, what can I do?"

She paused inside the door to say, "The room looks lovely, Pauline. Heavenly tulips! Can I throw my hat and coat somewhere?"

"Oh, *not* there, darling! I 've just tidied it up. It keeps looking so sordidly like a bed! Do you mind in the bathroom?"

The bathroom, with all its modern, built-in cupboards, supplied dressing-table, wardrobe, shelves, and, in fact, all the bedroom furniture except the bed itself, which was left to blush alone in the sitting-room disguised as a crimson divan.

Sylvia perched on the edge of the bath. Apparently, after all this, there was nothing for her to do except offer moral support and calm the young hostess's pre-party nerves.

"Tell me, Pauline, how did lunch go off? And when did he get back?"

"This morning. He was looking simply marvellous; all sunburnt."

"Did he seem pleased about the party? Let me do that up for you—you 're putting the hook into the wrong eye."

"Thank you, darling. Yes, he seemed delighted. Said he 'd come early so as to avoid making an entry into a crowded room hushed with suspense! Ragged me and said I had sent out the invitations announcing that Mr. Michael Danby, the well-known explorer, would be making a personal appearance in his famous Arctic beard, followed by a ceremonial procession to the barber! He was in tremendous form. What 's the time?"

"Quarter past six."

"He 'll be here in a minute. Do I look all right?"

The shrill, jarring note of the bell made them both jump.

"I 'll go," said Pauline.

She opened the door, to be faced with a disappointment and a surprise, in the form of Bill Montgomery, leaning his large bulk against the opposite wall, mopping his forehead with a handkerchief and panting like a buffalo.

"Bill, what on earth 's the matter?"

"Pauline Praed, did you ask me to come up here and have a drink with you?" he gasped.

"Yes, Bill!"

"You 're sure this is the right day?"

"Absolutely sure!"

"And you have got a drink for me?"

"Of course. Come on in. What on earth is the matter with you? You look as if you had just won the half-mile!"

"I 've done worse. I 've just climbed up twelve flights of the steepest stone steps in London, and if it had been the wrong day I should have sat down and wept on your door-mat. As it is, I see champagne-cocktails and the delightful Sylvia, and life is once more supportable."

"But why on earth didn't you come up in the lift?"

"Because that most estimable form of transport was apparently sulking somewhere between the second and third floors and remained obstinately deaf to my appeals. Consequently, being aware that you would require me to mix the cocktails, I walk the entire length of the building and ascend by the stairs."

"So good for the figure, Bill!"

"Well, if you 're feeling strong enough to do some work, I think some drinks——"

The door again—it was Roger and Anne, laughing and rather out of breath. "Pauline, my dear, your lift is not working!"

"I know. I 'm so sorry! Those awful stairs! Come on in. Bill 's mixing drinks. You know Sylvia, don't you?"

"Yes: hallo, how are you?"

Bill handing cocktails round; dear, pompous old Bill; very good party value. Anne, a cigarette? Roger? Michael should be here at any minute now. The bell again.

"My dear, the lift——"

"I know. Isn't it awful?"

"Thought I 'd never get to the top!"

"Come on in. Would you like to take off—— Oh, you know Roger? Good! Yes, please, Bill. How about you? Don't overwork yourself! Yes, isn't she? Joan Morris, a mannequin. I must introduce you."

The door-bell again, angrily making its shrill voice heard above the hubbub of conversation. Twenty-five to seven! It must be Michael this time.

"Hallo, Pauline! D' you know your lift——"

"I know. Everyone 's exhausted——"

"Don't shut it. I heard some weary footsteps trailing me up the stairs. How are you? Michael here yet?"

"No, not yet. Oliver, get yourself a drink. You know everybody, don't you? Oh, except Joan. May I introduce Mr. Booth? Miss Morris. Anne, have a prawn, or a nut, or something——"

Why wasn't Michael here? He said he 'd be early. It was getting hot in the small room. Pauline threw open a window and drew back the curtains. That was better! This central heating—snatches of conversation all round her—hope he hasn't cut off his beard — reach that ash-tray — fearful climb: four floors!—Iceland or somewhere, wasn't it? Geographical Society—another salted almond—do you really? How clever—put that down for you—Bill, drinks forward, please!—thought the whole idea was to slap old Michael on the back—hate to live in a block—what 's in those sandwiches?—winter-sporting for ten days—Michael 's late, have to go, dining early—angelic hat—Michael 's late. The bell at last!

"My dear, the *lift*!" Must everyone say the same thing? The bell, the lift, more introductions. The bell again.

No, you haven't missed him: he hasn't arrived yet—Oh, my dear, all over the carpet: it 's broken, too—it doesn't matter—I 'm terribly sorry—really, it doesn't matter at all—Iceland or Greenland or somewhere horribly cold—a salted almond—don't light three on one match—they have to grow beards, you know—simply must fly, be terribly late—before you go? No, really I can't. Good-bye, darling; thank you so much — Pretty, isn't she? — not exactly bright—mannequins don't have to be—colour of her nails?—dressed except for her shoes—quarter past seven—thought Michael and Pauline were almost—sandwiches are good—doesn't look much like it—partner called four diamonds—Turk. or stinker?—Sylvia!

Out of the babble came Sylvia's clear voice: "Shall I ring up?"

"*Please.*"

On it went, the incessant small-talk, the tinkle of glasses, a little chorus of laughter, the pop of another cork, and the sudden flare of a match across the smoke-laden room.

"Pauline, you 're not drinking anything."

"Oh, yes, I am, Bill; lots! But what about you? You 're doing all the work."

"Trust the barman to look after himself! I say, Pauline, why isn't Michael here? He is back, isn't he?"

"Yes—I had lunch with him."

There was Sylvia struggling back across the crowded room.

"I talked to his mother. She thought he was here. Apparently he went out at about half past five saying he was going to Bond Street to do some shopping, then coming on here, and wouldn't be in for dinner. Funny."

"But it 's half past seven! The shops must have shut ages ago! What can he be doing? You don't think anything can have happened to him, Sylvia? I know it sounds silly, but a bus or something? People do——"

"He 's probably run into an old friend in Bond Street and been celebrating in the good old style," put in Bill, comfortingly. "I expect we 'll find him fainting at the bottom of the eleventh flight of stairs."

(Concluded on page vi)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

"This Precious Stone . . ."

By Alan Thomas

WHOEVER else's memoirs you happen to read this spring, be sure not to miss Faith Compton Mackenzie's autobiography, *As Much as I Dare* (Collins; 12*s.* 6*d.*). It has a quality and charm about it that isn't easy to define. What is the secret? Is it because Mrs. Mackenzie has lived a more exciting life than most of us? A girl who belonged to such a united and devoted family as the Stones (Christopher Stone is her brother), who before she was twenty went on to the stage under the fatherly care of Charles Hawtrey, who a few years later was secretly married to a young poet destined to become one of the most dynamic figures in the literary world, who herself has written and has moved among writers and actors all her life—it is not to be wondered at that in telling her story she should have a grand fund of memories to draw upon. And with a father like hers—E. D. Stone of Eton, later setting up on his own and becoming one of the most delightfully unconventional and beloved headmasters that could ever have been in charge of a school (the picture of him at breakfast-time distributing the letters by showering them to all corners of the room gives some clue to the kind of head he was)—as I say, with a father like hers to be the presiding genius of her book, she had a magnificent start. Yet for all the famous people that she writes about—Fay Compton, Pélissier, Somerset Maugham, Axel Munthe and, not least, Compton Mackenzie himself—it is not they who give her book its charm. For that we must look to the personality of the authoress herself, and to the way she has of translating her own individuality into the story she is telling. When she was upbraided during the war with being a pro-German, she confided in Dr. Munthe. "I am not pro-German," she said, "but I admit I can't suddenly hate a whole nation because their leaders choose to go to war against my own country. There is certainly something lacking in me. I am made wrong. I have no team spirit." It is the same buoyant personality which refused in those days to be submerged in a welter of team spirit that now lifts her autobiography head and shoulders above the average book of reminiscences.

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH'S new book, *Miss Bendix* (Macmillan; 4*s.* 6*d.*), is an exquisitely written study of an old lady who suffers a spiritual regeneration. From her youth upwards, Miss Bendix had lived in the odour of sanctity: when she was twenty-five, her mother, to whom she had been devoted, died; thenceforth, at the sacrifice of the only suitor poor Miss Bendix ever had, she decided that she must spend her days caring for her father; and when at the age of eighty-six he, good, selfish man, rejoined his wife in heaven, there was nothing left for Miss Bendix to do but to take to good works and looking after Nellie, the old parlour-maid. That was Miss Bendix—an example to all of piety and faith. And then, on a certain Good Friday, she became the subject of a revelation, conveyed to her not in any outwardly dramatic form, but through the processes of the spirit, quickened by contemplation of the glories of the universe. For a time she gropes in darkness and uncertainty, and finally returns to a larger and more spiritually satisfying faith. Miss Bendix, in fact, was born again. That, indeed, is remarkable enough. What is even more remarkable is that, owing to Miss Royde-Smith's skill, the spiritual rebirth of a poor old lonely soul like Miss Bendix can be, and is, made a real and even exciting issue for the reader.

Mrs. Compton Mackenzie

Our reviewer recommends on this page Faith Compton Mackenzie's autobiography as "head and shoulders above the average book of reminiscences." Daughter of E. D. Stone of Eton, sister of Christopher Stone, Mrs. Mackenzie has a great background to draw on. Her book is called "As Much as I Dare" and is published by Collins

IN the spy-thriller line I can recommend Bernard Newman's *Death Under Gibraltar* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). I haven't read his other works (the titles of which figure a little too frequently in footnotes throughout the book), but the author is clearly at home in foreign parts and thoroughly at ease in desperate situations. It is enough for him to hear that his own dead body has been discovered somewhere in the Pyrenees, and he must go chasing after the story. The corpse, he discovers, was wearing his clothes, and in the pockets were discovered letters and papers indicating that the dead man was a British newspaper correspondent named Newman. Moreover, the poor chap had been murdered. So what? Evidently it was he, Newman, who should have been the victim. But why? This is a mystery that must be solved. Here the author's familiarity with Spain and its inhabitants, plus an unusual knowledge of languages, stands him in good stead. Hitching up with a beautiful young gipsy girl (after all, Margaret at home, to whom he is engaged, will understand), he starts off on the trail. The guardian angel who protects all heroes in fiction sees him through a number of hair-raising adventures (more particularly in the ape-infested tunnel which we are told runs under the Straits of Gibraltar), confounds his enemies, and delivers him out of all his tribulations. I couldn't help feeling that everything turned out a trifle too "all Sir Garnet," especially over the human problem of what to do with the beautiful gipsy when she had done all, and more than all, that was expected of her. But there—if the principal stuff is strong and undiluted, it is fitting that the ending also should be neat.

IN his latest book, *Ballet Panorama* (Batsford; 8*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Arnold Haskell performs a service for which all ballet-lovers will be grateful. Out of his immense knowledge and enthusiasm he has, within the compass of a little over a hundred pages, traced not so much the history as the tradition of ballet, a tradition that was born in France with the establishment of l'Académie Nationale de la Danse under Le Roi Soleil in 1661, and has remained ever since "continuous and unbroken by change of time or scene." Through the Romantic Movement and the great days of the Russian Ballet, we are brought at length to the birth of English Ballet somewhere between the death of Diaghileff in 1929 and the arrival of Colonel de Basil in 1933, and to the encouraging fact that for the first time in history a Russian company has had to look to England for a choregrapher. In the final chapter Mr. Haskell takes "a voyage into space": ballet on the cinema-screen, he thinks, will never have a future: on the other hand, the help that ballet will derive from television is likely to be very great indeed. This book, copiously illustrated both in colour and monochrome, is a valuable as well as a delightful addition to the literature of an art that, in these latter days, owes so much to Mr. Haskell's study and encouragement.

This England . . .

In the Sussex Downs

THE Frenchman who said that we take our pleasures sadly, can scarce have visited our green uplands during a week-end of boon weather. Solemn, indeed, is the business of getting there—by car and 'bus and "bicycle made for two." But the family once encamped, what robustious games are played, what healthy, happy laughter shakes the sunlit air. For we English take joy of our land, and all that in it lies—from the lush green grass that leaves its happy souvenir upon the trouser's knee, to the grand ale of Old England (aye Worthington, an it please you) that sets us up anew, and sends us content upon the homeward way. Free are we then as the birds of the air—but one scruple must we have, that there be no trace of our passing. 'Tis a lovely heritage, this England . . . *let us keep it so.*

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Golf Clubs at Home: Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire

The Minchinhampton Golf Club was founded in 1889, before which date one or two enthusiasts had knocked balls about on the site. Since then the original layout has been greatly altered and improved until to-day you find 6180 yards of fine old turf on the edge of the Cotswold Hills, 3½ miles from Stroud. The natural hazards consist mainly of quarries and ancient British earthworks, but some modern British bunkers have been added

(1) J. E. Chamberlain (captain). (2) W. S. J. Watson (committee). (3) S. H. Grist (committee). (4) R. C. Chamberlain. (5) S. G. Seymour. (6) F. J. Fagard. (7) Dr. Dale-Roberts (committee). (8) E. Horsefall and G. W. Powell. (9) J. Bryan (secretary), Colonel H. G. Ricardo (president), E. B. Worth (committee chairman). (10) P. Grainger, H. Vennard, A. Burton. (11) D. N. Humphreys (professional) and A. Gitsham (steward)

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Caddies' Welfare

I AM sure we have all read in newspapers, periodicals and magazines letters and articles, written by men of importance including Sir Courtauld Thomson and Bernard Darwin, concerning caddies and the conditions under which they have to work. These writers have, for many years now, kept on writing and saying that something must be done to improve the general welfare of the caddies both on and off the golf-course, and there the matter remains.

The only results of these letters, as a rule, are one or two replies from secretaries of well-to-do golf clubs, who write that, whatever may happen elsewhere, the caddies at their own clubs are extremely well looked after, that they have a beautiful room with tables and benches (apparently great luxuries), also a stove, that mackintoshes, the property of the club, are lent to caddies on wet days and that they have a canteen both wet and dry and hot and cold.

THESE secretaries of well-to-do clubs and their well-to-do members seem to think that they are rather fine fellows because they take a little trouble to look after their caddies adequately. It never seems to occur to them that they would be the opposite of fine fellows if they did *not* take an interest in the welfare of their caddies.

To quote Darwin's words: "The danger is that everyone should leave it to everyone else" to do something to make the lot of the caddie easier and more pleasant.

You may argue that some of the caddies are bad hats and there is no doubt that some of them are, but this is no reason why the respectable ones should suffer. In all classes of the community you find bad hats; even some financiers and stock-brokers have been forced before now not to pay for their board and lodging.

Among the caddies as a class there are very few bad hats and the knowledge that a certain caddie is a bad hat travels very quickly. Caddies as a whole are a very decent body of men, who have to go out and work in all sorts of weather conditions from burning sunshine to freezing cold and also in sleet, snow and rain, usually inappropriately clad.

AT last, after all this talking and writing, something is to be done to benefit caddies and their dependants.

A club by name the "Two-Club" has been founded after three years of hard work with the primary object of building up a Caddies' Benevolent Fund. Before I go any further I must not hide the fact that I myself am the Chairman of this Caddies' Benevolent Fund.

It is, I am afraid, found too often that it is extremely difficult to get money out of anyone unless you can offer him in return something to his advantage. The "Two-Club" does so. It gives its members insurance against accidents, etc., and runs every quarter amusing and interesting golf tournaments, in which they can play on any or every day of the year.

The importance of insurance to golfers is obvious. Some clubs insure the players against accidents, others do not, and you never know whether you are playing on the course of a club which does insure or of one which does not insure.

I was talking to the secretary of a championship course a short time ago when a man came up and with pride told him that he had hit one through the covers from the first tee and that a window in the professional's shop had taken the place of Jack Hobbs' right hand. He appeared to expect a cigar or at least some of the dessert you eat with port and was clearly surprised when no reward was offered. The Secretary told him rather curtly that the club was not insured and that, provided he saw that the damage was repaired at once and paid for, he would take no further notice of the incident.

THERE is no entrance fee to the "Two-Club"; the members pay an annual subscription of ten shillings, which pays for their insurance and the expense of running the club. In the club's golf tournaments you play and then pay. At the end of each quarter each member pays five shillings, two shillings and sixpence of which goes to the Caddies' Benevolent Fund and two shillings and sixpence goes to the Golf Tournament Fund for the previous quarter, which provides cups, medals and more acceptable rewards.

To return a card for the golf tournaments a member is only required to play at any time on any course with a recognised Standard Scratch Score, get a member of a recognised golf club to mark his card, get the card also signed by the secretary of the club on whose course he has played and forward it on the proper form to the Hon. Secretary, The "Two-Club," Kingsbury House, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1. The winners are those who beat the Standard Scratch Score by the largest number of strokes. There are three groups: one for players of handicaps of eight and below, one for players of handicaps nine to fifteen, and one for players of handicaps of sixteen and over. Ladies play from L.G.U. tees and handicaps.

If you take out a card in the morning, play your usual game and return a bad score, you can after lunch take out another card and hope that on this occasion you will not play your normal game.

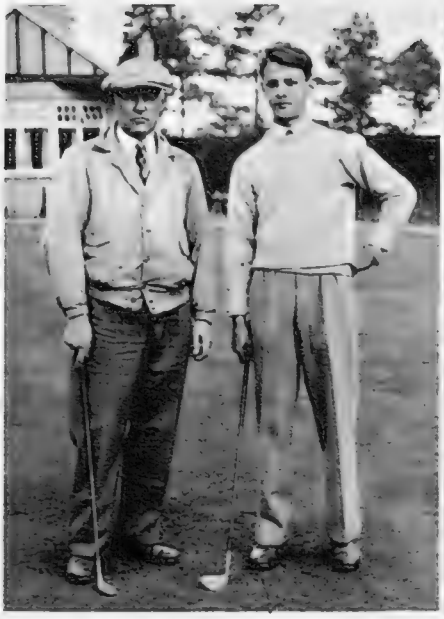
The "Two-Club" Dinner

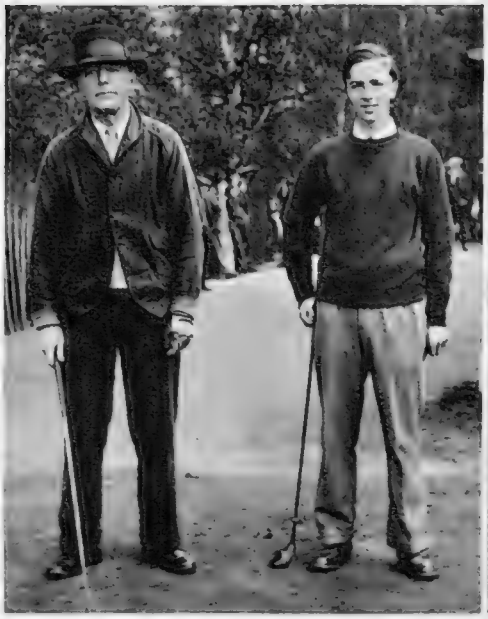
Mr. G. M. Gladstone, secretary of the club, and Abe Mitchell were neighbours at the dinner held to inaugurate the "Two-Club," an organisation whose aim is the welfare of golf caddies. Mr. Morrison, who is chairman of the benevolent fund, deals with the club on this page

Lord Forteviot and Major J. J. Simpson played in the annual spring meeting of the Perth Royal Golfing Society at North Inch, Perth. Lord Forteviot has been Lord Provost of Perth and is a D.L. for the county

Two more players in the Perth Royal Golfing Society's spring meeting held on Easter Saturday were Brig.-General A. J. Reddie and Mr. T. M. Burrell, ex-amateur champion of Scotland. The Perth is the oldest royal golfing society in the kingdom

Dr. J. H. Flaherty and W. T. Twine repeated their successful combination of two years ago to win the Addington Scratch Foursomes. They beat A. A. McNair and Alfred Perry in the eighteen-holes final round the new course by 3 and 2, holding a lead from the first hole onwards





Fathers and Sons at the West Hill Golf Club: Seven Pairs in the Last Sixteen

Lieut.-Colonel M. W. Falkner and P. E. Falkner beat the Andersons (below, centre) to reach the semi-final, but lost in it to the Englands (right) at the last green

Capt. R. B. England, R.N., and M. England were the losers of the unofficially Army-Navy final at West Hill. They played off a joint handicap of 27, their opponents off 24

Lieut.-Gen. B. D. Fisher and F. Fisher won the tournament, beating the Englands (left) by 2 and 1. Square at the turn, they won the 12th and 14th, lost the 16th, won the 17th

Howard Marshall on Sport

THE curtain has begun to go up on cricket. The Australians have been welcomed with luncheons and speeches and it should be reasonably plain to them by now that we are glad to see them.

Touring teams from overseas may grumble occasionally at a surfeit of hospitality. But they must appreciate the genuine feeling behind the celebrations organised in their honour.

Bradman has a heavy summer before him. His responsibilities on and off the field, as Australia's captain, are formidable enough; but this time he will have to make as many speeches as runs. He will certainly discharge his duties admirably, for he is no longer the shy, rather reserved young prodigy of earlier tours. We shall find him assured and cheerful and ready for any emergency, and his presence alone is almost enough to make the Australian visit a success.

ALREADY the real devotees are preparing for their journey to Worcester next Saturday, where the Australians play their opening match.

If only the weather holds, it should be a great occasion, for there is no more lovely ground in the country than Worcester, overlooked by the cathedral.

In this game the Australians usually give us a sharp reminder of their quality, and we shall look forward to seeing some of the newcomers in action.

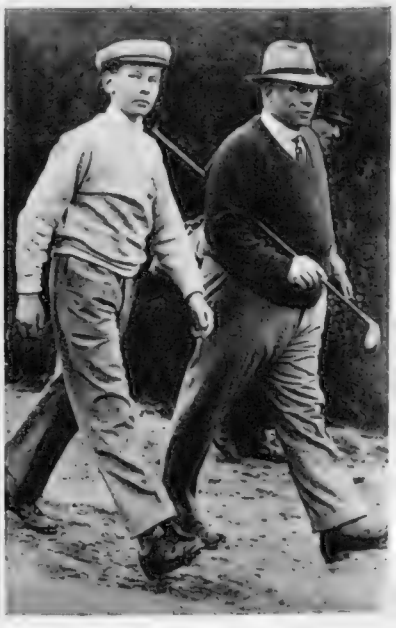
There is the thickset, swarthy young Badcock, for example, spoken of as Bradman's understudy, a batsman of the highest promise, who hits the ball uncommonly hard.

There is McCormick, said to be, for a few overs, the fastest bowler in the world, a successor to Gregory and Macdonald, though lacking the stamina and sustained hostility of those great bowlers.

We shall watch Fleetwood-Smith with interest, too, for if he has mastered length

H. C. Wootton-Woolley and C. D. Wootton-Woolley reached the semi-final by beating A. C. Wolfson and V. H. Wolfson by 5 and 4. They then lost to the Fishers (above, right) by 2 and 1

This first-round foursome leaving the first tee consists of D. A. Brown and A. H. Brown, R. Anderson and D. B. Anderson. The Andersons beat the Browns by 6 and 5, and went on to reach the fourth round, where they missed entering the semi-finals by one hole, losing to the Falkners (above, left)



Captain J. R. A. Stroyan and A. K. R. Stroyan were leaving the second tee when this picture was taken. They lost to Captain J. M. D. Wood and J. M. M. Wood in the third round

The Polo Season Got Going With a Fine Day, a Fine Crowd, a Fine Match

The earliness of the season's start and the size of the crowd of spectators gave ample proof of the established popularity of polo at the Easter Saturday match between Sussex and Kent on the fine new Penshurst grounds. Mr. W. H. Whitbread, Kent's No. 3, arrived in his Leopard Moth with sons Charles and Michael; he scored a grand goal in the sixth chukka

Captain P. W. Dollar, the visitors' No. 2, is here running up under hot opposition. The teams were (Kent) G. W. Williams, Captain P. J. Butler, W. H. Whitbread, Captain H. P. Guinness; (Sussex) Lord Cowdray, Captain Dollar, J. Lakin, Major J. F. Harrison. Kent won by their small margin on handicap, the result being 6½—6

and control of his eccentric left-handed spin, he is an opponent to be feared. Fleetwood-Smith's natural spin is an off-break to a right-handed batsman and his googly is the leg-break. If only he added to these unusual weapons a properly controlled top-spinner, he would be a menace indeed; but I fancy he bowls the one which comes straight through more by accident than design.

I have said nothing about the menace of such great players as Bradman himself and McCabe and O'Reilly, for we know their capabilities well enough.

That the Australians have an extremely strong nucleus to their team is obvious: but what we have to discover is whether the hard core, so to speak, is backed up by the usual solidity. I am inclined to doubt it myself. This Australian team has eight players new to English conditions in it and seems less solid than its predecessors—and therein lies our hope.

It is possible, of course, that the mere fact of touring and playing together under the wise leadership of Bradman will give the team just that stuffing it requires; and certainly it would be foolish to underestimate our opponents.

There has, I think, been a good deal of calculated optimism diffused in recent weeks about our chances. And I agree that there is no point whatever in assuming that we have lost the rubber before we begin. Even so, I should say that the betting is about evens. And I do not remember a time when public interest in cricket was more alive.

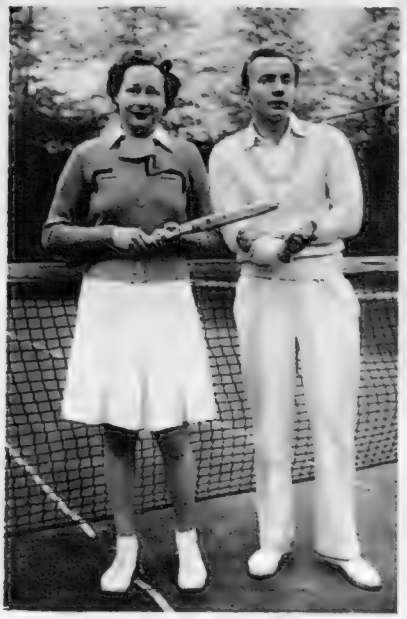
Unfortunately we are still in the groundsman's hands. There is still time to stop the nonsense of doped wickets and we cannot afford to let the matter slide.

TURNING to lawn tennis for a moment, the Hard Court Championships are in full swing at Bournemouth and if the

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Winners of the Inter-County Hard Court Championship

Surrey won the inter-county hard court championship for the twelfth time, beating Middlesex in the semi-final and Warwickshire in the final, both by 9—3. The team was Miss Margot Lumb (capt.), Miss G. Southwell, Miss P. Morrison, Miss M. Lincoln, Miss M. Trouncer, Miss Rosemary Thomas



Miss F. A. Logan partnered J. F. Klein in the mixed doubles at the Melbury Tournament. Klein is a Czech, an Olympic javelin-thrower who has represented Cambridge at the Varsity sports for three years

At Roehampton and Melbury the draws contained the name V. Oliver, under which unaccustomed initial Vic Oliver of compère and music-hall fame was entered. Here he is seen talking to Teddy Tinling (left)

Mr. Ross, Miss Norton, Mr. Astor

Mr. Leigh, Miss Wellesley, Lord Errington

The Tedworth Hunt held its steeplechases over the Salisbury Plain Race Club's course at Luggershall, near Andover. Above are Mr. H. Ross, Miss Sarah Norton, the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Norton's deb.-daughter, and Mr. G. Astor; above right are Mr. Gerard Leigh, Miss Elizabeth Wellesley and Lord Errington, Lord Cromer's heir

Out of Doors

Racing at Easter and After

Right: Lady Mary Dunn, Sir James Dunn's attractive daughter-in-law, was with Miss Pauline Winn, a 1938 debutante, at Epsom the day Pigskin won the City and Suburban

Lady Mary Dunn, Miss Winn

Mr. Hesketh, Miss Withington, Miss Rosemary, Miss Elizabeth Vanderbyl, Mr. Grotrian

The big group above was taken in the enclosure at the Towcester Easter meeting, and you can tell from the pair of sun-glasses how nice it was. The Hon. Freddie Fermor-Hesketh (left) is Lord Hesketh's heir; Miss Morfa Withington, next to him, is the daughter of one of the stewards

The couple on the right are Mr. Peter Holdsworth Hunt and the Countess of Lewes, and they were at the Eridge Hunt 'chases at Steel Bridge Farm. Lady Lewes was Patricia Harrison before her marriage in January to Lord Abergavenny's son, who was then Mr. John Nevill

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A perfume particularly suited for husky tweeds must necessarily appear brazen on soft silks in a crowded ballroom; likewise, cool linens cannot abide the more vigorous perfume that heavy furs demand. Appropriate then, is the introduction of swagger, sophisticated LANCÔME —a new range of seven subtle, quietly-contrasting perfumes to flaunt your every mood and mode; each an expression of your charm . . . each a distinctive accent on your personality; all as individual as their varied names suggest . . . all irresistibly yours.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD STORES, OR FROM ESENCOURT & CO., LTD., 21, THURLOE PLACE, SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.7

The "Bystander" in the Air

By Charles Ward

Mr. and Mrs. David Hearst at Reading, inspecting the Miles "Monarch," which is Phillips and Powis' latest for the owner-pilot. Mr. John Adams, a champion pistol shot, is seen on the left

Eleventh Annual Flying Number

On April 18th, 1928, we published a special Flying Supplement, the first of the series which now commences its eleventh year. At that time, Sir Sefton Brancker was D.C.A.; he contributed an article on flying for sport and pleasure. Lady Bailey, who flew solo to South Africa and back, wrote on aviation for women. The Moth had earned the name of the light car of the air, and Bert Hinkler had flown to Australia in 15½ days, this being the first long-distance journey by light 'plane, setting a standard by which records have been judged ever since. Imperial Airways was four years old, and busy with plans for routes throughout the Empire. In the succeeding ten years, there has been a complete evolution of types—from wood to metal, from biplanes to monoplanes. The air-liner of to-day is a vehicle whose standard of comfort challenges comparison with any on land or sea. It is safe and it is fast—200 miles an hour is the modern cruising speed. Perhaps the greatest change of all is in the conception of the Royal Air Force as our first line of defence. Its relationship to the Army and the Navy is as a partner, but the one which will strike and receive the first blows, should such be inevitable.

Leading Articles

In our issue next week, Earl Winterton, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who acts as deputy to Lord Swinton on the Air Council, is contributing the leading article on the R.A.F. Production of aircraft and the training of personnel—twin problems which the Air Ministry is attempting to solve simultaneously, so that each is ready for the other, with no awkward gap. Mass production as understood in the motor industry is difficult to achieve with aircraft and engines in their present stage of development, and in the relatively small quantities which are required. Cars are produced in tens and hundreds of thousands, all of one general type, whereas aeroplanes are confined to hundreds in any one year. In the matter of personnel, we should be in as good a position as any country to train thousands of pilots for the Reserve. We have the finest aircraft for tuition, and plenty of aerodromes which are not in use by the regular R.A.F. or by civil air transport on a big scale. The principal need at the moment is for more instructors and for a steady flow of recruits taking Short Service Commissions and for others to join as airman pilots.

British Air-Liners

Mr. Handley Page, who is President of the S.B.A.C., has written on the Cadman Report and the Future. To achieve parity in the air with our strongest competitor in the military sense, the British aircraft industry has been compelled to concentrate on R.A.F. requirements, to the detriment of the civil side. What is to be done, so that our air lines can develop side by side with the R.A.F.? The Cadman Report recommended services from London to all the capitals in Europe, but these cannot be operated with converted bombers, nor with any type but the latest in air-liners or mailplanes. With the exception of the "Albatross" from de Havillands, we have no fast machines for overland routes. The production of the "Albatross" is already booked up for a year, so that operators must look to foreign parts for the supply of new equipment. British Airways, with the approval of the Air Ministry, has been flying Lockheeds for some time, and has placed a recent order for four of the latest type. No other policy is possible if we are to retain our place as a nation of transporters by air; and what better proof could there be of Anglo-Saxon co-operation than the purchase of aircraft from the States? It is inconceivable that we shall be at war with America. The best guarantee for world peace would be a firm alliance between the Commonwealth of British nations and the U.S.A.

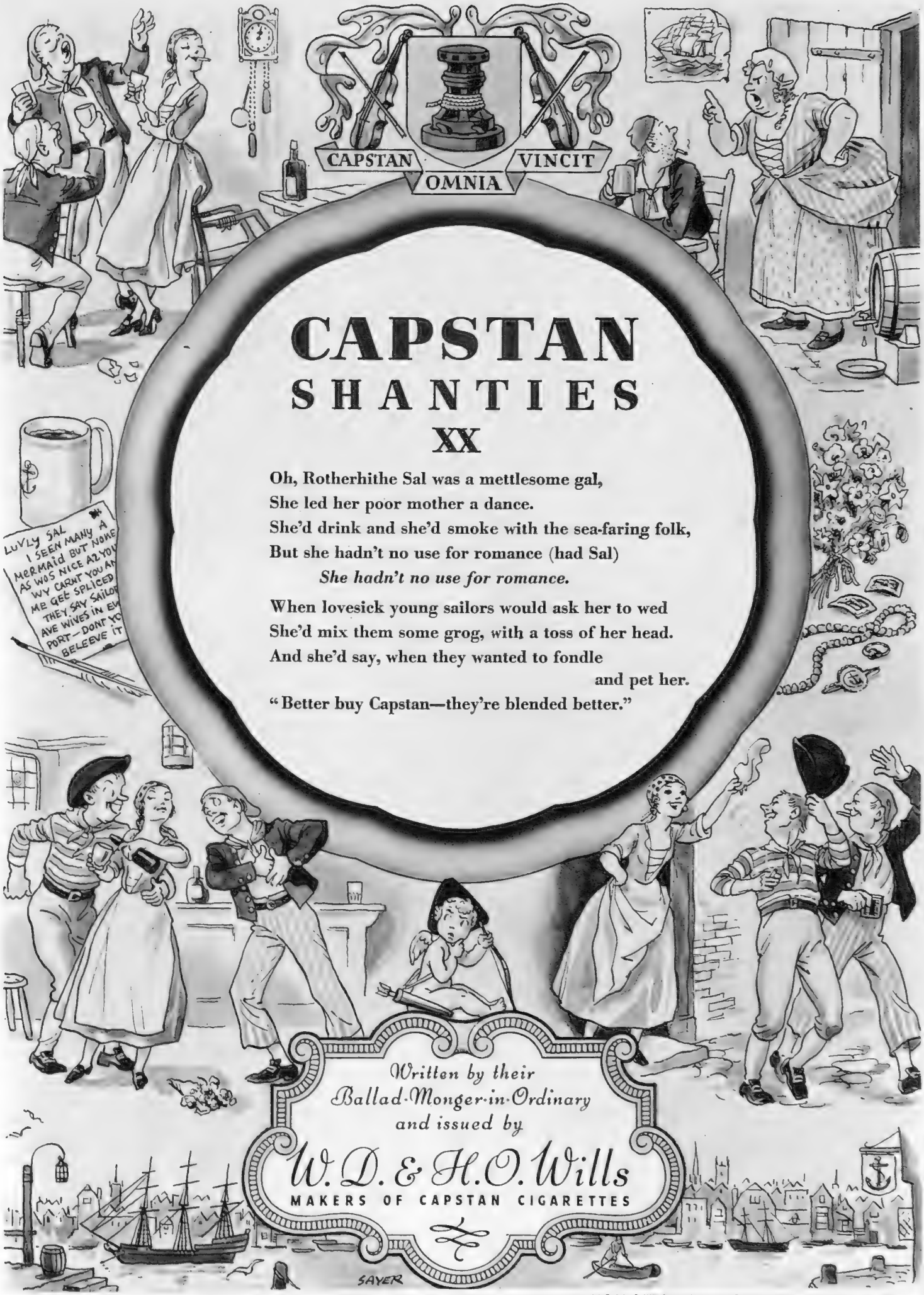
Our Review of the Year

In addition to the leading articles mentioned, we shall publish next week our annual review of the year in the air. Many important changes in detail have taken place. So much interest is being shown in aviation and so much money is invested in the industry that it has become of concern to every thinking person in the country. Attention has been diverted from crashes to the major problem of organisation for defence and for trade. No doubt exists that the Empire depends on air transport for its mails, its personal contacts and its safety. A supreme effort is needed to bridge the gap between our present state of comparative insecurity and the ideal of the future, when we are in control by air of our own routes all over the world and of the defence of any section which is coveted by someone else.

Guests of Mr. Charles E. McConnell flew from Dublin to London for an anniversary dinner. West Coast Air Services are operated by Olleys of Croydon. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, "Alfie" Byrne, is seen wearing his chain of office

A Flying Wing

From drawings and figures that have been released, it appears that there is at least one air-liner in an advanced stage of design, which could be built at once for trans-Atlantic passenger flights. Designed by F. G. Miles, it follows the lines of an all-wing aircraft. Maximum speed will be 300 miles an hour and the capacity for passengers will vary from 38 to 18, depending on the non-stop range desired. It is not more unorthodox than the Mayo experiment, and it is hoped that the Air Ministry will finance a flying model.



CAPSTAN
SHANTIES
XX

Oh, Rotherhithe Sal was a mettlesome gal,
She led her poor mother a dance.
She'd drink and she'd smoke with the sea-faring folk,
But she hadn't no use for romance (had Sal)
She hadn't no use for romance.

When lovesick young sailors would ask her to wed
She'd mix them some grog, with a toss of her head.
And she'd say, when they wanted to fondle
and pet her.
"Better buy Capstan—they're blended better."

Written by their Ballad-Monger-in-Ordinary and issued by

W. D. & H. O. Wills
MAKERS OF CAPSTAN CIGARETTES

W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.573

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

Most spots are good spots in June; best of everywhere is Scotland. When *Eve* (forerunner of the Bystander, not the mother of all) first inaugurated Scottish Foursomes, and, furthermore, made them open to golfers from anywhere, she conferred a real and lasting benefit on every Sassenach, particularly me. To have a genuine excuse to go to Scotland when the broom is at its height, while snow still lingers in patches on the beloved hills, when sea-birds are nesting, and the cry of curlew haunts the moors—what more need you ask of golf, or of the summer? So to all those who can follow inclination, may it be pointed out that Bystander Scottish Foursomes are to be played at Nairn on June 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, and that the entry form and particulars of hotels appear on page viii of this number. Entries close on May 20th.

Nairn is one of those places whereof my pen is apt to run away with me. Not only the golf, which is of the delightful true seaside type, but also of the glorious country within reach. Daylight is long so far north in June; you may motor without lights until nearly eleven o'clock, and that means . . . I fancy my Editor sitting sucking a blue-pencil, ready to pounce on me with a reminder that this is not an article on Scottish motoring, and that there has been some highly interesting golf played during the past week on which I am supposed to comment. He is quite right, but I cast longing thoughts at Nairn, like a dog led away from an entrancing bone. No matter; I shall reach there on June 5th, and then would swap places with no man.

Scottish Foursomes Entry Form
appears on page viii

County matches fill the bill round London at this time of year, with new champions flourishing at the heads of their respective sides and trying conclusions with each other. Up north there has been the Northern Championship, decided by two rounds of medal play and won by Mrs. Newton. To hole Southport and Ainsdale in the seventies twice in one day is a very stout performance, which shows that Mrs. Newton is as good a golfer now as ever she was as Miss Beryl Brown.

That is a fresh name for the event, and county results have been so varied down south that there really seems some hope—I speak as the impartial Press and not as a Surrey partisan—that for once in a way Surrey may be ousted from holding the County Championship. True, they beat Kent twice at Walton Heath, but Sussex defeated them in the morning at Worplesdon, just as they had previously defeated Hampshire once. And county matches have seen Miss Pam Barton beaten by Miss Oswald and Mrs. Grant White, and Miss Wade beaten by Miss Oswald and Miss Norris, Miss Oswald also collecting the scalps of Miss Garnham and Miss Gourlay, so that obviously nobody can tell what will happen to anybody, which all makes for excitement, and is infinitely better both for counties and individuals than a monopoly of honours with every match a foregone conclusion. Without detracting for a moment from the merits of winners, it does seem as if the very hard ground this spring is playing some queer pranks with form. Carry is of no account compared with run: the half-scuffle, and even the whole top, can get almost as far as the well-hit shot, and there are comparatively lowly members of teams getting round in fours where under normal conditions they would be thankful enough with anything well under fives.

But no matter: county players, without expectation of being anything more, have taken their chances of beating the Internationals most courageously, and deserve all the credit in the world for the way they have done it. True, the Internationals have generally had revenge in the return match, but the morning triumphs remain.

Perhaps the whole county season will see no figures more brilliant than Miss Pam Barton's start against Miss Doxford in the morning of Surrey v. Kent at Walton Heath. She had every one of the first six holes there in 3, except the second, where she did lapse, shall we say, into a 4! Even my abhorrence of exclamation-marks is not proof against using one there. It was simply astonishing, and how Miss Doxford stood up to it and only lost by 5 and 4 is almost equally astonishing. Alterations are being made to that famous Old Course. It is too soon to say how the changed holes will play, but a great many golfers who have been in the habit of taking far too many putts there will welcome the news that greens are to be allowed to be a little more holding than in the past. That seems a wise policy, making for bolder, better putting and fewer post-mortems (particularly on partners) afterwards.

Miss Garnham and Miss Barton

Pam Barton won the scratch prize at the "Fairway and Hazard" Ranelagh open meeting with 71, tying with Miss Dix Perkin but winning on the last nine holes. With her is Kathleen Garnham

Putting was a difficult matter at Beaconsfield, where Herts beat Bucks on a glorious sunny day when the blossom of wild cherries looked quite superb against brown beeches and green chestnuts. The putter itself skidded; the ball might be heard bumping as it made its way to the hole. Touch was invaluable, and Miss Scott, who has it round the hole, got home by it from Miss Goddard in the top match. Rain is more to be desired than gold just at present, and even the thought of mackintosh and umbrella added to notebook and pencil, camera and field-glasses, in a daily progress round some course or another, does not stop me longing for it.

Players at Ranelagh in the "Fairway and Hazard" Open Meeting

Miss Barbara Dix Perkin, who tied with Pam Barton but lost on the last nine holes, is between Mrs. Hugh Read and Mrs. A. P. Chapman

Mrs. O'Neill Butler and Mrs. Bartlett made up their scores together. Mrs. Bartlett won a second division handicap prize with 67

Mrs. Arnell and Mrs. Terry were partners in the bogey foursomes at Ranelagh, won by Mrs. R. Mills and Mrs. Hough

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Now that Easter is over, people are already planning what to do and where to go for their summer holidays. Once this question has been settled, there remains the still more pressing problem of what to wear, and this may be solved at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Beach clothes have never been more fascinating or more varied, and it is just a question of suiting one's own type. The girl who is feeding the seagulls in the picture above has chosen blue and white printed piqué for her dressmaker-suit and beach-coat, both of which are lined with stockinette. The coat is full length with a fitted waist and short sleeves, while the play-suit is backless and may be worn in the sea as well as for sun-bathing. The price of the two-piece complete is 49s. 6d., while the raffia hat is an extra 10s. 9d. Her companion has chosen a more boyish outfit and wears saxe-blue shorts and a red, white and blue striped shirt in silk linen for 49s. 6d. A smart alternative to this would be a swim-suit and coat in flowered oilskin, one of the novelty fabrics of this season

Printed in Colour

Prints are everywhere this season, and both silk and cotton frocks are a blaze of bright colours. A charming flowered dress for the warm days which lie ahead of us is seen on the left from the inexpensive department at Liberty's, Regent Street. It costs three and a half guineas and is made in printed Sungleam with a cherry ground and ivory design. The skirt is gently flared and the puff sleeves slashed from the shoulders. Another becoming model in the same material, is accompanied by a short hip-length jacket with long sleeves and slightly squared shoulders. The dress is cut on very simple lines, with soft folds at the neck. An illustrated catalogue for this department has been specially prepared, and will gladly be sent gratis and post free to all who write for it

The river has a magic appeal for most of us, and there is nothing more delightful than lazing in a punt on a hot afternoon. The girl below is wearing a becoming frock in printed linen for forty-nine and sixpence, from Liberty's. It is strewn with white marguerites and is available in various attractive colours including blue and green. It is perfectly plain with pleats in the skirt and a touch of white at the neck. Washing frocks are a speciality in this department, where there are models in both plain and printed Tyrian silk. One dress with a spotted design is strictly tailored with box pleats in the skirt and a high neck buttoning to the waist. There are also a number of attractive dresses in printed linen with floral designs from thirty-nine and sixpence. They are thoroughly practical

Scott Bushe

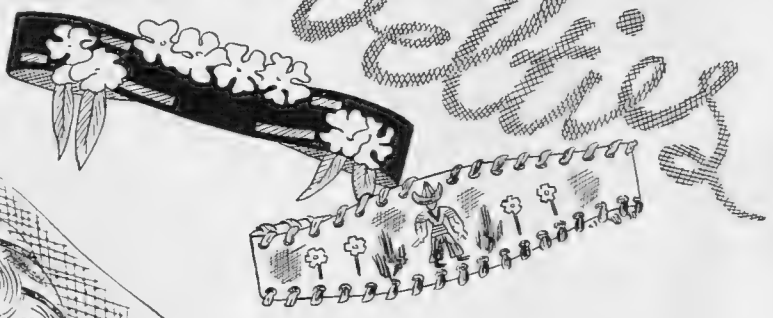
The Bystander Turns in search of Novelties

Cubits and clogs are the latest news afoot at Dolcis, 350, Oxford Street. A white buckskin cubit shoe is sketched above, showing the unusual formation of the instep, which is filled in to give a perfectly flat sole. This adds length to very short legs and ensures absolute comfort

Here are some amusing shoes for informal occasions, such as cruising, the garden or the beach. They are shaped like clog sandals, with leather uppers and immensely thick cork soles. Dolcis have them in various plain leathers for day wear, or silver and gold kid for evening

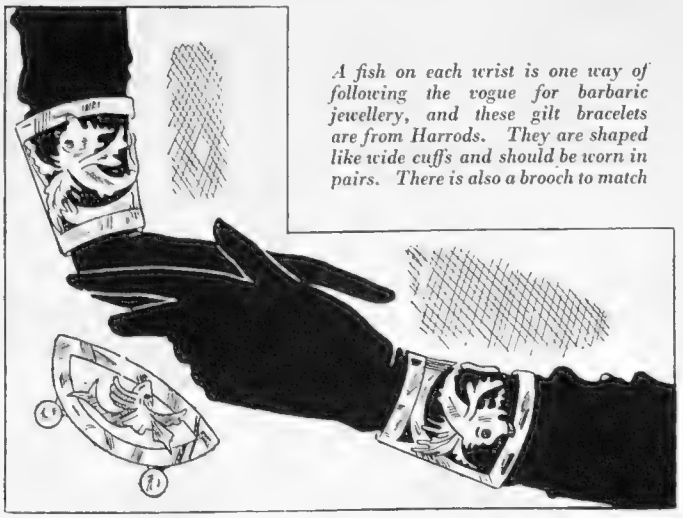
discovered by peta

pictured by pan



If you wish to brighten a rather plain frock, wear one or other of these belts from Harrods, Knightsbridge. The top one, in navy-blue suède, has coloured leather flowers across the front and costs 25s. 6d., while the "cummerbund" below is only 8s. 11d. This is in felt, worked with coloured raffia embroidery

Like a shallow bowl of flowers, this red paper panama hat, filled with violets and rosebuds, is perched over the forehead and held by a ribbon bandeau. It is softened by spotted veiling, and is one of the many enchantingly frivolous hats to be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge



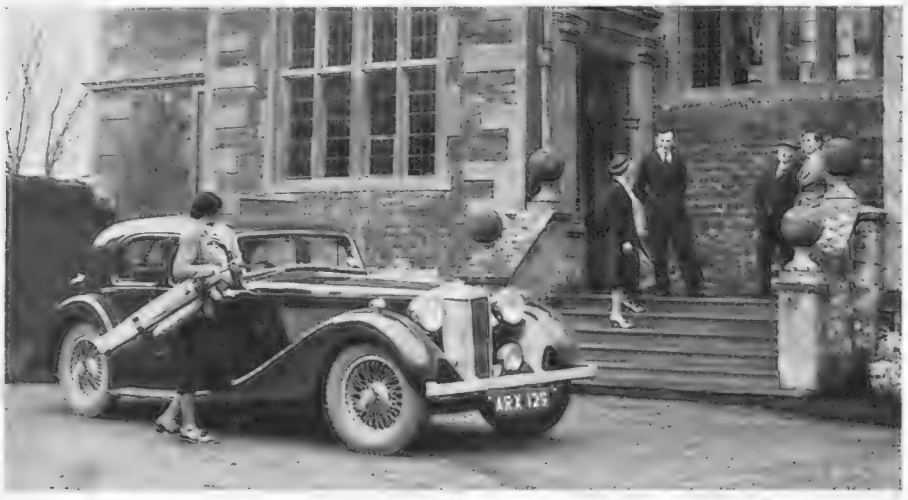
A fish on each wrist is one way of following the vogue for barbaric jewellery, and these gilt bracelets are from Harrods. They are shaped like wide cuffs and should be worn in pairs. There is also a brooch to match

Dogs of every breed and size are engraved on these accessories from Lederer, 45, Brompton Road. They are designed in calfskin with a dull suède finish, and include an attractive handbag and gloves. The umbrella, with a leather sheath, has a steel frame, and costs 39s. 6d., while the nappa gloves with fancy gauntlets are 21s. 6d.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

By the time these notes see the light of day, 256 of us will be well on our way to Blackpool in the R.A.C. 1000 Miles Rally. We started from the five official starting controls yesterday and are due to fetch up at our journey's end to-morrow. Every type of car is represented in the Rally, from small 7-h.p. sports tourers to the most sumptuous limousines. The majority of the entries carry a driver and two spare drivers, and it is estimated that there will be nearly seven hundred enthusiastic motorists travelling the country during the Road Section and that the total distance covered between them will amount to some 300,000 miles, during the course of which they will consume about fifteen thousand gallons of petrol.



Ancient and Modern Grace: *the former is Chastleton House, standing on ground once belonging to the originator of the Gunpowder Plot, Robert Catesby; the latter is a smart M.G. two-litre saloon*

And speaking of petrol, the Anglo-American Oil Company have sent me an interesting statement by Sir Malcolm Campbell in which he says that he was recently given the opportunity to observe a series of petrol tests of a new knock-detecting instrument, which electrically indicates and measures the tendency of motor fuels to knock or "pink."

"The muffled pinking of motor spirits which performed quite silently in an average motor engine was quickly exposed by this ingenious instrument," reports Sir Malcolm, who goes on to explain that the fact that this pinking is rendered inaudible to the human ear is attributable to features of modern engine design, particularly sound-insulation and the use of less resonant metals, which subdue the knocking sound. The motorist using such petrol realises that his car is running sluggishly, inclined to labour on hills, and failing in acceleration, but he does not suspect silenced knocking as the cause. Nevertheless, this muffled pinking is a menace, because it goes on unnoticed, reducing engine efficiency and developing engine trouble if not discovered and rectified in time.

The introduction of Ethyl fluid some years ago enabled great strides to be made in the development both of fuels and engines, and many leading car manufacturers, recognising the important advantages to be gained by the use of Ethyl, are therefore recommending it in their instruction-books.

The question of fuel-consumption is always one of great interest in the early days of a Grand Prix formula, for upon it rests the ability of the new cars to run right through certain races without refuelling or with a given number of pit-stops to pick up petrol, and upon the cars' abilities in this direction lies the framing of race-schedule forecasts for the coming

(Concluded on page iv)

Motor correspondent JOHN PRIOLEAU gets . .

50%

more mileage

with the

WRITING IN "THE SPECTATOR," ON MARCH 11, 1938, MR. JOHN PRIOLEAU SAID:

A New Sort of Oil

As I wrote in my preliminary report, the chief virtue of this new oil lies in its freedom from gumming up piston-rings in cold weather and the exceptionally easy first start it allows a stone-cold engine. In practice I always turn the engine over by hand (in cold weather) to free the congealed oil, but I found this unnecessary with the Shell. That is the feature to which the makers attach most importance, I believe, but there is another which may appeal with equal force to the economical.

Economy

For a reason I do not profess to understand, this oil lasted longer in my engine than any other I have used since it left its fiftieth-thousand mile behind. The car is over ten years old, the engine is a 2-litre Six, the sump holds 6 quarts, and the cylinders have not been re-bored. During the last 25,000 miles or so the normal consumption of oil in this country has been about 1,000 miles to the gallon, 800 on the mountain stages of my continental tour last year. I have done 1,500 miles on a gallon of Shell, driving over familiar roads at my usual speeds—that is, seldom over 50 and very rarely over 60, in short bursts as occasion offers.

Use TRIPLE SHELL (HEAVY) for A.C., Armstrong-Siddeley, Austin, B.S.A., Bentley, Citroen, Fiat, Hillman, Humber, Lammas Graham, Morris, Riley, Rolls-Royce, Singer, Sunbeam, Talbot, Wolseley, etc.

Use DOUBLE SHELL (MEDIUM) for Brough Superior, Buick, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Dodge, Ford, Graham, Hudson, Jensen, La Salle, Lincoln, Nash, Opel, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Railton, Rover, S.S., Standard, Studebaker, etc.

Use SINGLE SHELL (LIGHT) for Vauxhall.

THE ONLY OIL USED AND RECOMMENDED BY HUMBER, HILLMAN, SUNBEAM AND TALBOT

NEW SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

A New 25h.p. Special Drop-head Coupé

THIS DISTINGUISHED, fast, and powerful (105 b.h.p.) car disposes of any doubts that a drop-head coupe is the ideal all-the-year-round car. Wolseley engineers have perfected a quick-action hood which is a complete success, both as regards ease of opening and closing, and the absence of draughts and rattle. There is the comfort of the saloon with the supreme advantage of being warm in winter and fresh and cool in summer. The performance is quite phenomenal — high maximum speed, really astonishing road-clinging on corners, and a quiet docility in traffic. Moreover, the body lines transcend the beauty and distinction of any drop-head you can think of.

PRICE £498 (ex works) JACKALLS, DUNLOPS AND TRIPLEX, OF COURSE.

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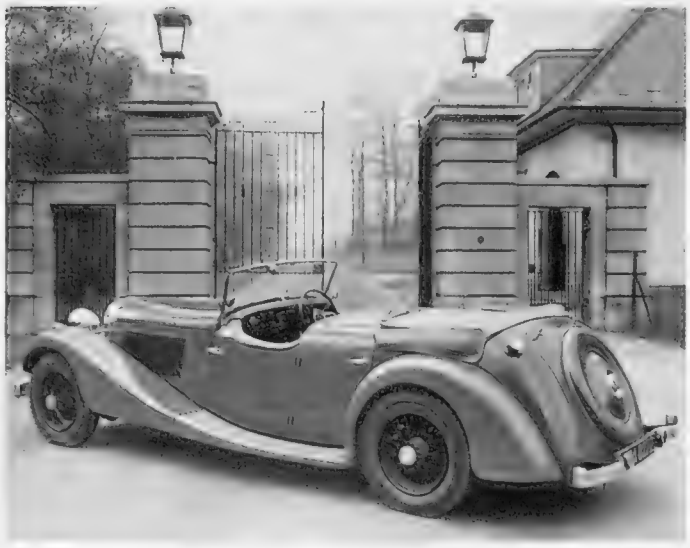
Better Built—a British Car.

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page ii)*

season. Wherefore it is of more than passing interest to note the fuel-consumption figures of two of the new formula cars at their first outing in the recent Pau Grand Prix. Undoubtedly, much assistance was given Dreyfus in securing his somewhat unexpected win with his Delahaye by the fact that he was able to run right through without a stop, his 4½-litre unsupercharged engine completing the 172 miles which constituted the race with nearly three gallons to spare on one tankful, at an average of 7·9 m.p.g., while Caracciola, at the wheel of the new 3-litre supercharged Mercédès, was only able to average 2·75 m.p.g.

WHILST on the subject of new cars, I must mention a run I made recently in one of the new 3½-litre Jensens. I can say in all honesty that I have nothing but praise for the performance and handling of this car. Its 30-h.p. V-8 engine is powerful and smooth, the modified induction system giving amazing acceleration and an all-out speed of well over 90 m.p.h. Coupled with this is the perfect Burman Douglas steering with its excellently high ratio. The car corners confidently at speed, holding the road as though it were running on rails, and observing every built-up area through which I passed, I was able to maintain an average of 49 m.p.h. from Esher to Donington on the occasion of the British Empire Trophy Race. The acceleration-figure claimed for the four-five-seater Open Touring model which I was driving, is Rest to 50 m.p.h. in 9⅘ secs., from which you will gather that one gets a real kick out of driving this notable car.

The elegance of the various Jensen models is too much of a byword among enthusiasts to require that I should gild the lily. Wherever a Jensen stops, a crowd of genuine admirers at once gathers round and—and this is the rub—it is not only an easy-to-look-at design, but a thoroughly *practical* motor-car in every way. So struck was I with the appearance and performance of this car that I have persuaded the makers to allow me to enter one for the Royal Scottish Automobile Club's Empire Exhibition Scottish Rally which takes place early in June. This should provide me with the perfect opportunity to test to the full the capabilities of a car which up to now I am quite unable to fault in any detail. At the risk of boring you, I will let you know in due course how we fare.



A Jensen Tourer: *Mr. Hess deals with this marque here*

THIS year's Tourist Trophy Race looks like being one of the most interesting races of the series. The Regulations, which have just been issued by the R.A.C., show that the Rules have come in for drastic revision, one of the most interesting of the new provisos being that all cars must start with enough petrol in their tanks to see them through the whole distance of the race—for the scratch cars, 100 laps of Donington, and for the other four classes, 98, 96, 93 and 87 laps respectively.

Whereas all the competing cars are required to be sports or touring vehicles and must be equipped with a self-starter and an electric lighting-set including a dynamo, provision for all of which must have been made in the design of the chassis, they need not, however, be cars which have been catalogued and offered for sale to the public—which means that manufacturers are open to run experimental models or to construct special cars for the race should they so desire. It must not be supposed from this, though, that thinly-disguised racing cars will get past the Scrutineers, for the Regulations further require that the competitors shall comply with a minimum weight and wheel-base based upon engine-capacity and not more than one carburetter per pair of cylinders will be permitted In addition to this, superchargers are barred, as, also, are International Formula cars.

The date of the race is Saturday, September 3rd.

for the open-air man . . .

here at last are the perfect shoes for sportsmen, built for Harrods in six different styles—comfortable, cool, light, non-slip and flexible . . . but with all the waist rigidity, security and support of a much heavier shoe. Aged on the last, they will retain their shape all their long life. The soles are in pure Plantation Crêpe Rubber and specially serrated to prevent slipping.

1. Waterproof tan Gorse Calfskin.

Hunting Suède in sand or copper tan, or Bordeaux Calf in luggage tan or white

3. Officers' Rest boot of sand coloured Hunting Suède.

In sizes and half sizes 5—12.
The price for each pair is 35/-

HARRODS LTD
LONDON SW1

THE MAN'S SHOP *Harrods*

BRITISH CARS—BEST IN THE LONG RUN

"Who decided, you or John?"

"We both agreed—**YOU GET SO MUCH MORE IN AN AUSTIN**"

"That's all very well—providing you both want the same sort of 'more.'"

"But we didn't. I look at a car sensibly. Give me good looks and perfect comfort and I'm 'sold.' But John goes ferreting about inside the engine, asking obscure questions, throwing distrustful glances at the salesman . . ."

"I know! If you want to see the worst in a man, watch him buy a car."

". . . until, between us, we've picked every hole that's there to be picked."

"Well, at any rate, I give you full marks for looks. She's a beauty."

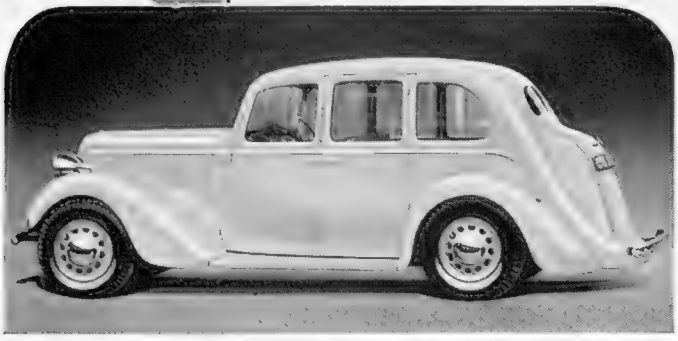
"But a practical beauty, don't forget. There's no cutting down head and leg room to get that line. No leaving the driver stranded high and dry above the controls. Or forgetting that, each week-end, we expect to cram everything bar the kitchen stove into the luggage compartment. No, she's got good sense *and* good looks or she'd never have done for me."

"And what decided John?"

"What his friends had told him, I suspect. But he's still bursting with pride about it all. You know—the 'can't fool me' sort of attitude. And certainly we are getting extraordinarily good averages on quite a modest petrol consumption."

"So you won't be changing again yet awhile?"

"Does an Austin owner ever change?"



THE 'FOUR' THAT'S MORE LIKE A 'SIX'

It is part of an Austin tradition to design a "four" that is more willing, smoother-running than "fours" are expected to be. That is why the Ascot Twelve might easily be taken for a "six." It is such a quiet, well-mannered car. All-steel, sound-insulated body with "wing-to-wing" vision. Dual wipers. Triplex toughened glass. Luggage locker with enclosed spare wheel. Light positive steering. 4 speeds. Girling brakes.

ASCOT TWELVE SALOON £220 (at works)

ASCOT DE LUXE with Pytchley sliding roof £230

OTHER MODELS

SEVEN	from £112-£135	FOURTEEN	from £250-£267
BIG SEVEN	from £139-£149.10	EIGHTEEN	from £350-£383
TEN	from £185-£199	TWENTY	£650

Have you seen the Austin Magazine for April?

You buy a car—but you invest in an

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

The Party *(Continued from page 141)*

"He can't have *forgotten*——"

"Of course not. Have another drink and don't worry."

Roger and Anne were trying to catch her eye. Anne was pulling on her gloves. Roger cleared his throat.

"Pauline, I am sorry we couldn't wait to see Michael, but we 've got some people to dinner, and we simply must tear ourselves away."

Now Oliver was putting down his glass, looking at his watch. The conversation had died down. They were going! The party was over, and Michael hadn't turned up! To welcome him home from the North Pole—all his old friends to meet him. Why had *she* had to give this awful humiliating party? Why not one of them? Pauline and Michael, Michael and Pauline, it was in all their minds. Where was he? The sly old dog! Counting her chickens. . . .

"Pauline, I must be off——"

"Sorry I can't wait, Pauline. Give my love to Michael——"

"Thanks a lot, Pauline, my dear. Grand party. Thank heavens the stairs are all downhill this time! So long!"

"I 'd no idea it was so late, Polly. Sorry about that broken glass. Give old Michael a kick in the pants for me. Good-bye, and thanks so much."

Now only Bill and Sylvia were left. The smoke trailed across the room towards the open window. Ash all over the carpet. Dirty glasses. The tulips had been knocked over and replaced, drooping in their empty vase. It was over.

"Don't look so depressed, darling It was a terrific success. Nobody even noticed Michael wasn't here——"

"I asked them all to *meet* Michael—Sylvia, something *must* have happened to him! He would never have let me down like this!"

"I don't see what we can possibly do about it, anyway," said Bill. "If we start ringing up all the hospitals and police-stations, he 'll probably walk in in the middle. Why don't you come with Sylvia and me and have some dinner somewhere and go to a flick?"

"No; I couldn't possibly, Bill. He might still turn up or telephone. Besides, can't you see I 'm just longing to ring up all the hospitals and all the police-stations the moment you 've gone? Take him away, Sylvia!"

"Pauline, I do wish you 'd come."

"Much as I love you both, I shall have to throw you out. Don't you know that there is nothing on earth that I loathe more than being a gooseberry? Ring me up in the morning and I 'll tell you which police-station it was. If you get no reply, come and cut me down from the ceiling! Good-bye."

At last the door shut behind them and she was alone in the empty, untidy room. Why hadn't Michael come? Confound the man! He 'd made a hopeless fool of her. Surely he couldn't have done it on purpose? Something *must* have happened to him. Where had he gone? Bond Street. An accident in Bond Street. Where would they take him? Which was the nearest? St. George's, of course! Hunt through the telephone-book. No, not "G" for George, idiot! The other book—"S" for Saint. Here it is—Sloane 5281.

"Hallo! Hallo! Have you got a Mr. Michael Danby there, please? No, he 's not a doctor. I don't know which ward—it 's an accident. Oh, casualties? Yes, I 'll hold on. . . . Casualties? Have you got a Mr. Michael Danby there, please? I don't know. Some time between half past five and seven, I should think. What 's he suffering from? I don't know. Yes, I 'll hold on."

Suddenly the door-bell rang!

"What? By a bus? Unconscious? But there must be some identification——" The bell was ringing again, piercing, insistent.

"What, a beard? Oh, no! Wait a minute! What—sixty? Sixty-five? Oh, thank God!"

Pauline flung the receiver on to the table and dashed across the room to the door.

It was Michael. Smiling. Unperturbed.

"Is there a drink left for me?"

Pauline stepped back into the room, speechless with rage and relief.

"Sorry I 'm so late—it was absolutely unavoidable."

"Michael, do you know what the time is?"

"Only too well."

"Do you realise that I had dozens of people here specially to meet you, and that you 've made the most utter fool of me? And now you calmly turn up and ask for a drink!"

"I 'll explain. May I sit down? I 'm rather tired."

Pauline perched on the edge of a chair and watched him in silence, bristling visibly, and reserving her righteous indignation until the end of his story.

"I went to Bond Street," he began, taking a ring-case out of his pocket, "and bought this. Rather pretty, I thought, but I see you are in no mood to admire trinkets. Then I took a taxi which landed me here at about five past six. Then the lift went wrong."

"Well?"

"It stuck half-way between the second and third floors."

"I know that! Everybody else walked up. Why couldn't you?"

"My dear, I was in it!"

"You were——"

"I 've been in it for nearly three hours. It was cold and very boring."

Pauline gasped. "And I thought——Michael! D' you realise there 's a man in St. George's Hospital unconscious, with a beard?"—she was almost in tears.

"Darling, I 'll have the beastly thing off to-morrow. They 're too common. Always being mistaken for somebody else!"

THE END

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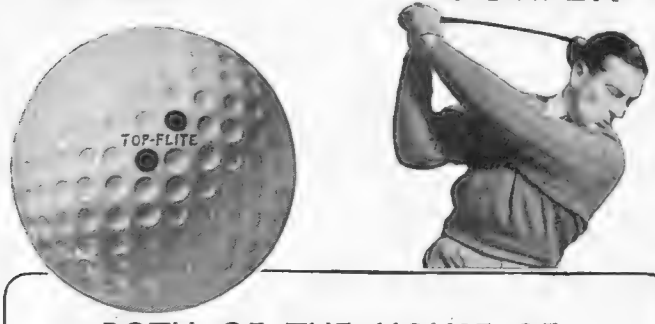

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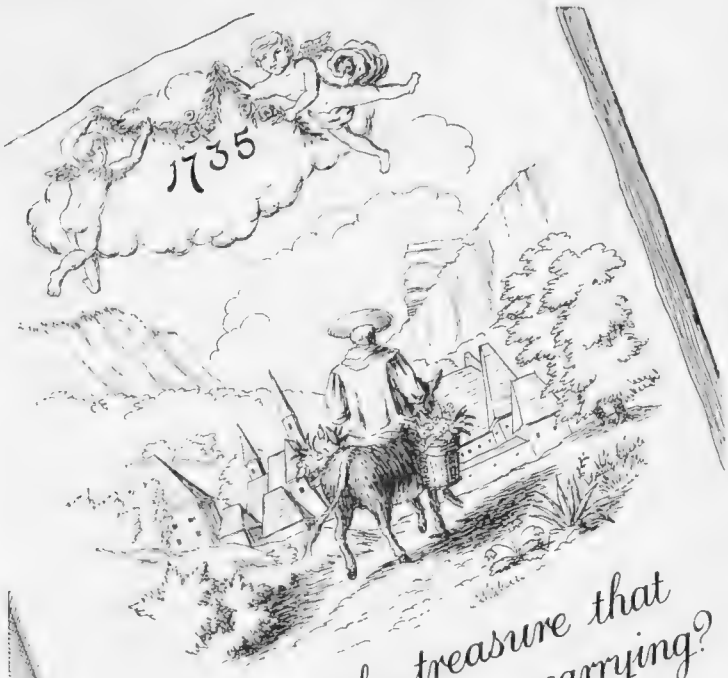

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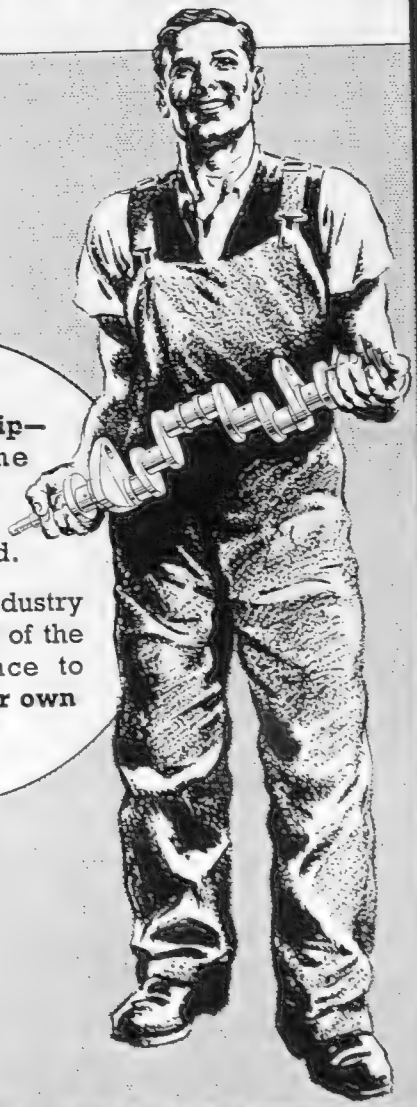

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THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 147)*

weather holds, this should be an instructive week.

Quite apart from our potential Davis Cup players, though, it will be interesting to see whether H. W. Austin can retain his singles title. He should do, though Henri Bolelli, who beat him a couple of months ago at Monte Carlo, will be playing, and Yvon Petra, the French covered court champion, is also in the field.

The women's singles will be worth watching also, if only because of the Australian girls, three of whom will be playing on hard courts for the first time.

Then there is Miss Helen Jacobs, always a delight to watch; and we shall be hoping for great things from our own women players. Altogether, a most attractive start to the season.

THE boxing world, as usual, is a mixture of good and evil. And Ben Foord's peculiar performance against Walter Neusel at Hamburg has upset several plans. Foord was most disappointing, but Max Schmeling, in that same programme, put away Steve Dudas with masterly precision.

German boxing experts are convinced that Schmeling will whip Joe Louis, and perhaps he will. But his recent fights have been little more than training bouts.

As for the move to establish a united front in boxing, started at the International Boxing Conference in Rome last week, I cannot believe that it has much chance of success.

The meeting adopted a proposal to set up a world commission for professional boxing championships. This commission would prepare the list of world champions and contenders and would nominate challengers for world titles.

The idea is sound enough, but I think it will be exceedingly difficult to persuade America to join in. Americans are more than somewhat jealous of their titles, and I cannot see them handing over championships to any world commission. They would, I think, maintain very rigidly their national policy of isolation.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (15th Year)

At Nairn Golf Club,

JUNE 7 to 10, 1938

Holders: MRS. RHODES and MISS L. B. CLARK.

Entries close Friday, May 20th. Enter NOW.

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 20th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

NAIRN NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride St., E.C.4, by **Friday, May 20th, 1938.**

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Nairn Golf Club, June 7th, 1938, and following days.

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Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 3rd to her at Golf Links Hotel, Nairn. Telephone or Telegrams: Nairn 39.

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GOLF LINKS HOTEL, NAIRN: 15/6 per day inclusive. Telephone 39. This will be Miss Helme's address from June 5th; also GOLF VIEW. 18/- per day single, 16/6 per person double. ROYAL MARINE, 13/6. WINDSOR HOTEL from £3.10.0 a week single. CLIFTON PRIVATE HOTEL from £3.13.6 a week single.

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CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d., first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competitions must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Yevonde

Dorothy Elizabeth Lees

Is the only daughter of the late James Percy Lees and Mrs. Lees, of Cheadle Hulme, Stockport, Cheshire, and is to marry Denys Neville Walton, second son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Tom Walton, of Woodend, Altrincham, Cheshire

Lenare

Diana James

Is the only daughter of Admiral Sir William and Lady James, of Road Farm, Churt, Surrey; she is to marry Maurice Whinney, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Whinney, of Mulberry Cottage, West Humble

W. H. Page

Jean Campbell-Gollan

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. D. Gollan, of 12, Irving Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens, W.14; she is engaged to Kenneth Taggart Scott, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Scott, of 151, Chatsworth Road, Brondesbury

Lenare

Claudia Rice-Evans

Is being married to-day at St. George's, Hanover Square, to James Martin Griffiths, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Kent, son of the late Canon and Mrs. Griffiths; she is the daughter of the late Walter Rice-Evans and Mrs. Rice-Evans, of Eaglesbush, Neath, Glamorgan

Bassano

Inez Hamilton

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hamilton, of Cherrybank, Ilkley, Yorks., and is to marry Lt. James Hamilton Crawford, R.N., only son of Dr. and Mrs. Stirling Crawford, of Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire

Scott Bushe

Sylvia Harriss

Sylvia Maud Marie Harriss, elder daughter of the late Capt. R. E. Harriss and Mrs. W. A. Dunn, of Ascot Lodge, Ascot, is engaged to James Alexander Brown, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. James Brown, of Tellisford House, Clifton Down

Houston Rogers

Wendy Elizabeth Wellings

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Vyvian Wellings, of 8, The Avenue, Colchester. Her fiancé is Mr. Aubrey Sidney-Wilmot, youngest son of the late A. R. and Mrs. H. Sidney-Wilmot, of The Grove, Great Horkesley, Colchester

Kathleen Iddon

Margaret Tatton Sykes

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Sykes, of 35, Harley St., W.1, and Redington, Frinton-on-Sea, and is engaged to Lt. H. N. E. Kemball, R.N., son of Colonel H. F. Kemball, T.D., D.L., and Mrs. Kemball, of Newlands, Ingatestone, Essex

Lenare

Pamela Grant

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Grant, of Dore Moor House, Dore, near Sheffield; she is engaged to Sq. Leader Denis Barnett, youngest son of Sir Edward and Lady Barnett, of Hampden, N.Z.

Lafayette

Elizabeth Delius

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Delius, of Rutland House, Rutland Road, Harrogate, and is engaged to A. L. Lovibond, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lovibond, of King's Lodge, Tadworth, Surrey

Lenare

Hugh Humphreys and Mary Williams

Hugh Humphreys, of 19, Inverness Terrace, W.2, is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. S. Humphreys, of Byfield; his fiancée is Mary Deborah Williams, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Williams, of The Elms, Wrexham

Baker — Macnaghten

Lt. Alexander Arthur Wyndham Baker, R.N., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Baker, and Renée Gavrelle Macnaghten, daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. E. B. Macnaghten, of Haygates, Finchhampstead, Berkshire, were married at St. James', Finchhampstead

Fraser-Harris — Brooks

It was a naval wedding at H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth, of Alexander B. Fraser-Harris, R.N., only son of the late Professor D. Fraser-Harris and Mrs. Fraser-Harris, of Maresfield, Sussex, to Monica Brooks, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. H. V. Brooks, of 8, The Parade, H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth

Osborne — Archer

Lt. (E.) John Allen Osborne, R.N., second son of Mr. J. A. Osborne, of New Milford, Co. Donegal, and Irene Patience Archer, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. F. Archer, of Trevone, Weybridge, were married at St. James', Weybridge

de Mille — Ogilvie

Noel James de Mille, eldest son of the late F. W. de Mille and Mrs. de Mille, of Moorings, Henley-on-Thames, and Christine Ogilvie, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Sholto Ogilvie, of Kidmore House, Kidmore End, Reading, were married at St. John the Baptist's, Kidmore

Fisher — Parsons-Smith

John Hamilton Fisher, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Fisher, of Eastergate, Chichester, and Phyllis Parsons-Smith, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Basil Parsons-Smith, of Cooper's Green House, Uckfield, Sussex, were married at St. Margaret's, Buxted Park

Petter — Kerr

Geoffrey Samuel Vincent Petter, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Petter, of Clifton, Bristol, married Rita Aitken Kerr at Bowdon Parish Church. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sinclair Kerr, of Oaklyn, Bowdon, Cheshire

Dolphin — Bowly

At the Chapel, Duke of York's School, Dover, Capt. C. E. H. Dolphin, Royal Warwickshire Regt., son of the late Cyril Dolphin and Mrs. D'Aubrey Taylor, married Diana Margaret Bowly, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. W. A. T. Bowly, of The Duke of York's School

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 27— May 3

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

APRIL CLOUDS.—Children growing up and mother growing old are the themes of this almost too strong domestic comedy: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORIOLANUS.—Laurence Olivier and Sybil Thorndike play the leads: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COUNTESS MARITZA.—A Hungarian romance, with Lucie Mannheim in the lead: Palace, 8.30.

ELIZABETH.—André Josset's play is a guess at the strange tale of old Elizabeth and young Essex, capably played by Lilian Braithwaite and Anthony Quayle: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongue find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—The Gielgud company's last presentation this season, with John Gielgud as Shylock, Peggy Ashcroft as Portia: Queen's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

POWER AND GLORY.—Oscar Homolka doubles parts effectively in a play about war whose theme is more powerful than the plot: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOSS OF A COIN.—Marion Lorne just as good as ever, in a plot and setting not up to Hackett standard: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—A drama of spiritual significance in rhythmical prose and verse with full-blooded performances by Harcourt Williams, Marie Ney, Alan Napier: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

REVUDEVILLE No. 103.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

WILD OATS.—Douglas Furber's newest is about how Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win some money from a pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AS HUSBANDS GO.—As plays go, this is not good enough for Hugh Wakefield and Jeanne de Casalis; domestic triangular plot: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

DEATH ON THE TABLE.—Hartley Power is ruthless as a gangster whose death on the table makes the plot plenty of laughs and thrills: New, 8.30 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

GHOST FOR SALE.—Ronald Jeans' comedy is about a haunted house, with more laughs than thrills, and A. E. Matthews: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Falstaff"

Verdi's popular opera from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was revived last week at Sadler's Wells and will be given there next Saturday afternoon, on which day the season ends. Here are Redvers Llewellyn as Ford and Arnold Matters as Falstaff

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THREE BLIND MICE.—An amusing little piece about three independent girls, Diana Beaumont, Dorothy Hyson, Rene Ray: Duke of York's, 8.30.

First Nights

BANANA RIDGE.—Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, Jean Gillie, Olga Lindo in the new Travers' farce: Strand, to-night, 27th.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Capek's charming satire on human weaknesses revives with the same cast as two years ago: Playhouse, to-night, 27th.

LADY WITH DESIGNS.—Gina Malo is a jewel-thief with designs on Harold Warrender in this crooked comedy: Ambassadors, Thurs., 28th.

CINEMAS

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (American).—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert—what a team!—in a high-life romance: Plaza.

DAMSEL IN DISTRESS (American).—Not an entirely convincing adaptation of Wodehousian sparkle, but Fred Astaire's dancing leaves no room for doubt: Regal.

THE DRUM (British).—Something about this film is very attractive, whether Sabu, Raymond Massey, Valerie Hobson, fine technicolour shots of North-West Frontier country or an exciting tale, we can't say: Odeon.

EASY MONEY (American).—Another racket is exposed—this time the false insurance claim—in this exciting film: London Pavilion.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life, and death of a passion: Rialto

THE HURRICANE (American).—Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour in an exciting South Seas spectacle: Marble Arch Pavilion.

I ACCUSE (French).—Not a genteel film, featuring war-injured, but a strong indictment against war and its makers: Curzon.

IN OLD CHICAGO (American).—The great fire of 1871 magnificently caps the family story in this spectacular film: Tivoli.

JEZEBEL (American).—Bette Davis and Henry Fonda are quite good in this mixed picture of plague-time in New Orleans: Carlton.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Herbert Marshall lends tone to Deanna Durbin's newest musical, as charming as the others: Leicester Square.

OYSTER PARADE (German).—Herman Thimig, Gusti Wolf in a film operetta with the Berlin State Opera orchestra: Berkeley.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy.

SAILING ALONG (British).—Roland Young and Barry Mackay and Alistair Sim and Athene Seyler support Jessie Matthews in her new musical: Gaumont.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

LA TENDRE ENNEMIE (French).—A sweet, sad tale, not unlike *Un Carnet de Bal*, about young love and the ghosts of old love: Studio One.

A YANK AT OXFORD (British).—Robert Taylor in the name-part, Griffith Jones, Vivien Leigh, Maureen O'Sullivan, Edmund Gwenn in a witty and hearty film of varsity life: Empire.

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DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER.—Tues., 3rd, 8.

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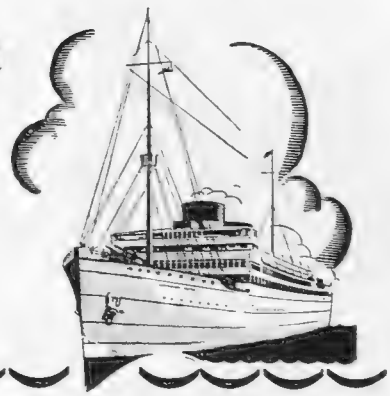

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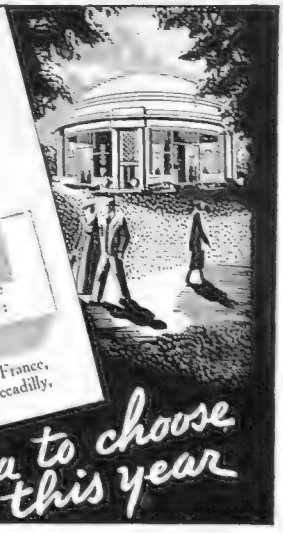

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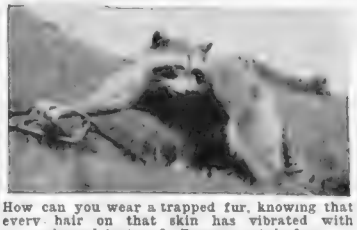

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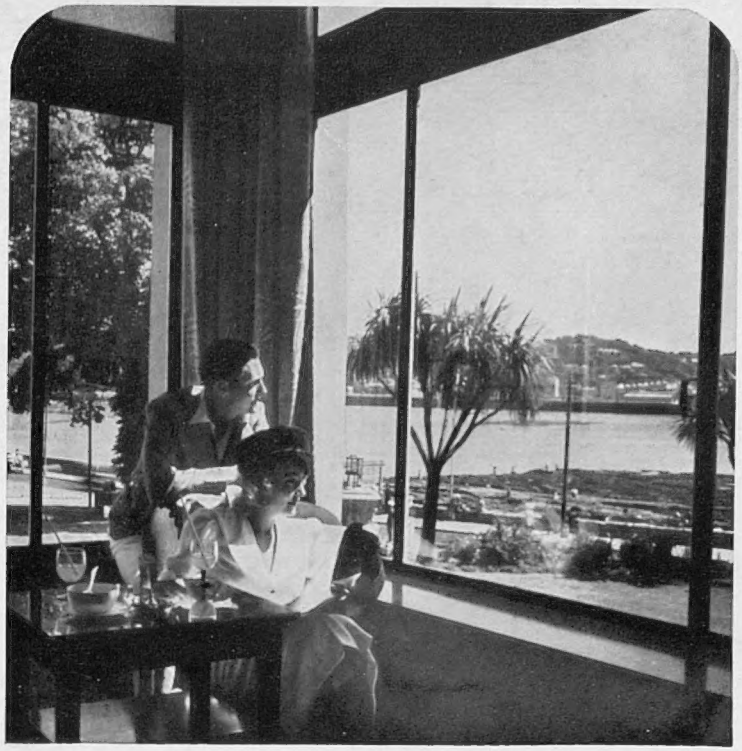

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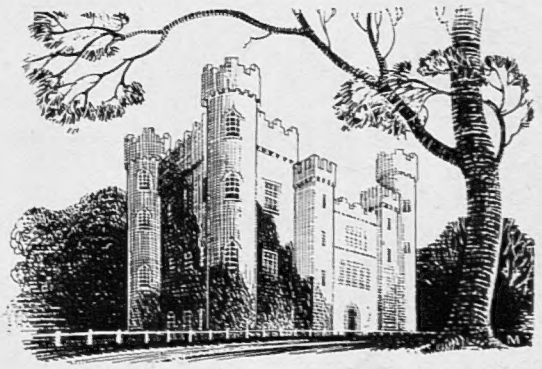

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